THE COMMONWEAL

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PLANTING PATRIOTISM

ONCE upon a time—and not so very long ago, either—there was a man who listened to Sunday afternoon discourses on the radio. He was not a wholly irreverent or careless man. He did honestly want to know upon what idealistic purposes the nation round about him had set its heart. And after a month he was able to strike off a list which fairly staggered his tranquil soul. It was a program which called for nothing less than revamping the cosmos. It outlined, as it were, the stages of a mystical journey of conquest to Sirius. A certain humanized Christian background was assumed by the speakers; the religious mood was identified with social service; and the practical exhortations ranged from the necessity of a professorial protocol to the utter nothingness of the space which good government should allot to tobacco. In short, it was affirmed that the normal American citizen has one kind of moral mind, to express which in sweeping national reforms and improvements is his specie payment for something like salvation.

Many good people are trying hard to pay. They think in terms of a millennial world. They make the idea of patriotism a vague and intoxicating banner on which any prejudice or broad surmisal may be emblazoned. In their hands popular government becomes a series of "movements" taken in the direction of muddled moral concepts, with no reference to practical circumstances and no weighing of means. The ghosts of camp-fire Covenanters lead the way, whether the immediate issue be Prohibition, education, or even neo-Malthusianism. "Religion, reform, the peace and safety of the country," was the platform of 1638; it could easily stand today. A great many people are shocked with modes and methods now prevailing in the United States; and the remedies they propose are merely their tenaciously preserved ideals. Reality goes by the board and with it individuality. It is the federal government—conceived of as an all-wise and all-powerful abstraction—which is to cure everything. Congress must hurry to empower the President to keep thirsty North Dakotans from their beer; it must legislate children into colleges and out of the factory; it must even pick naughty cigarette butts up from the street corners. No project is too enormous—or too trifling—to enlist its supreme benevolence: it shall make laws to market the wool crop at a handsome figure; laws to convince the citizens of Hutchinson, Kansas, that the party in power has always coaxed out a good crop of wheat; laws by the barrel that have as little to do with national administration as a sport-writer has with the boy who pastes labels on ink-bottles.

Meanwhile local government, whether in the state legislature or the municipal council, has fallen into

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comical ruin; coöperation is something many people talk about and few ever try; "Main Street" is the sardonic trade-mark of American small-town life. In short, the saving social realities are smothered in weeds while we chase the bubble of a strange Vita Nuova. It may, therefore, possibly be interesting to see if there is an idea of patriotism more serviceable and less troublesome than the one in vogue. And if you will look over the long list of epigrams—leaving Doctor Johnson's "last refuge of a scoundrel" to one side—you will find that there is no more satisfactory expression of what patriotic feeling ought to be than old William Dunbar's "London, thou art of townes, A per se." That is an oath of allegiance taken boisterously by a man who has before his eyes the thing he loves. Its towers, bridges, streets and institutions have become for him something like a slice of daily bread. When he shuts his eyes the entrancing city is still there, beautiful as Plato's ideal realm, but washed by waves of human beings like himself and silenced by a flood of memories he can share. It is concrete. It has a body and a soul. Was it any wonder that William Dunbar pledged his heart to London, and so also to England? What if our farmer boys, our village fathers, our city philosophers, were suddenly to catch a vision of the same sort and raise their voices in praise of, or concern for, the nook where it had pleased Heaven to deposit them? In other words, what if the coöperative principle, not confining itself to economics but extending to every aspect of cultural civilization, were suddenly to usurp the place held in American life by "movements"?

There is no other healthy kind of patriotic feeling. Germany tottered when it forgot Heimweh and longed for sun-spots; England was just and beautiful until it struggled to become more than an island. Only half a dozen men out of a thousand are capable of affection for an abstract idea, whether that be a disembodied democracy or a dream of fair women; and this half-dozen are sometimes bothered with nerves. Before a thing can become real it must be made visible, at least by proxy. Therefore we need nothing so badly as a way of restoring local color to our concept of citizenship. May it not be true that our government is failing because, to all practical intent, we have made it an invisible government; that our churches totter because we have built them into such abominably bleak eyesores? Certainly the Invisible Empire has prospered because, at least in the matter of tailoring, it was discreet enough to belie its name.

The gentleman who joins this empire ought not to be blamed so much as the status quo which has failed to suggest the possible beauty of life in Kokomo. We may remember charitably that the lady who comes out to reform the world has never been taught the wisdom of Montaigne's dictum—"to govern a family is just as much trouble as to rule a state." We must deal with this gentleman and this lady. We must, for the sake of the common welfare, restore their rightful sovereignty. Make the first plank in your civic program read—"Plant Patriotism!" Compress civic idealism into a practical and energetic fondness for the particular, tangible community in which one happens to live; vitalize with progressive intelligence the numberless small democracies that are inert and unintelligent; take care of the barn-yard hen first and the bird of paradise later. We need Dunbar's amorous vision of our towers and chimneys. We most emphatically do not need "movements"—those giddy flights from the things we can do, to the things nobody could possibly begin.

And at least one step in the right direction has been taken by those communities in which we still find local government and local coöperation somewhat efficient. California, in spite of its real estate and its rococo Montmarte, has really joined its citizens' hands in honest patriotic affection. "Leave your baggage anywhere, sir," says the small-town western inn-keeper. "No Californian would touch it!" What has this Californian done to justify such pride? He has been content to let his state keep something like a soul. He has preserved romantic history and, vaguely at least, cultural feeling. Song comes up out of the valleys. Old names haunt you. The Passion Play is a continuous memorial address about the padres. The tillers of the sunlit land know what coöperation means. What is there to prevent the creation of a similar spirit in other sections of the United States? Why should not the memory of our fathers cast a glow upon our roofs?

Every community needs nothing so much as leadership—an active, local leadership is the nation's fuel. For us democracy should really be the working tradition of our country: a tradition which has asserted from the beginning that the national well-being is determined by the use of the national intelligence and will, no matter whether these be in the hands of many or of a few. Not the mob shall rule, but those—the larger their number the better—who can stand above and beside the mob. When we speak of educating for democracy, therefore, we must mean very simply increasing leadership—training an ever-growing number of Americans to become citizens on their own hook, to stand apart from the crowd that is of necessity ignorant of directions, to continue the tradition of the American freeman, and to take what is rightly theirs—a creative part in the economic and social circumstances which mold their lives. We think these aims can be fostered better at the cross-roads than in the universal ether. We feel that the proof of a good American pudding is that it can be eaten as well as talked about. A successful coöperative creamery is a bigger achievement than a law against wine; and the man who says as proudly as did Carlyle—"These are my own four walls," is ahead of the man who boasts of his four directions. The time has come to give back to every father his fatherland.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE pleas against religious intolerance which appeared in the Passover number of the American Hebrew were not only appropriate to this season in all the churches, but were significant of a healthy reaction very characteristic of the day. We have had a wave of fanaticism, artificially stimulated. It is on the decline, and as it rolls back a counter-wave for peace, good will, better mutual understanding and hopeful mutual recognition of ideals swells up. Cardinal Hayes luminously stated the need for the new movement when he said—"The ideals, the aspirations, the progress, the security and the perpetuity of America will be dissipated into thin air if with the consent of the people of America any portion of our American citizenry should suffer injustices because of religious or racial hatred." Dr. S. Parkes Cadman wrote that the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, of which he is president, "hopes that these stirrings of good will will not be satisfied with the achievement of negative tolerance, but will move forward toward closer fellowship and larger coöperation in the spiritual tasks of the day." There is certainly here a blessed contrast to the spirit of masked persecution, and social and political boycotting and physical violence on racial and religious grounds. It is worth while remarking, besides, the superior sanity of the movement as an approach to Christian unity, over premature and one-sided attempts to force the pooling of irreconcilable differences. Mutual toleration and sympathy are at least steps in the right direction that can be taken.

THERE was something peculiarly wise and timely in the word which Secretary Hoover addressed to labor at the recent "industrial round table meeting" in New York. He urged an increased sense of responsibility among workers for the amount and quality of the product of their labor. He put his plea on the perfectly sound economic basis that the fund from which workers derive their pay depends for its volume on the functioning of the industrial machine. In other words, an inefficient machine means a small output, low financial returns, reduced funds for new ventures. That is it: less money to spend must mean cuts in wage rates. The only way to keep up present standards of pay, not to speak of increasing them, is to make the operations in which they are disbursed sufficiently profitable. This means that every man must give a good day's work for a good day's pay.

THE proposition may be put with equal force on the moral plane. It is obvious that when a man gets a good price, common honesty, American manhood, demand that he shall give full value for the money, and the higher the price he gets, the more should he be stimulated to enhance his product and to elevate its standard. All this is the mere two-and-two-make-four of ethics, but behind it there is the great world sin of wastefulness. In nothing is waste more sinful or more disastrous than in human effort. Will power and the capacity to work with head or hands are among the best of God's gifts. Unhappily there are few of which so little account is taken. People let time and opportunity slip by, with, so to speak, a suicidal recklessness. They cheat themselves and they rob the whole world. We welcome the war on all waste; no part of it is more inspired or more promising than the campaign against the careless squandering of human possibilities and energies.

ACCORDING to the newspapers of New York, "crime waves" have been dashing back and forth, up and down, and across, this city. As the New York Sun puts the matter—"It is the popular impression that crimes of violence have very greatly increased in New York City." But the Police Commissioner, Mr. Richard E. Enright, states that a comparison of the figures having to do with violent crime in New York proves that in the first three months of 1915, the number of violent crimes recorded was 5,171; but in 1925, the number was only 2,083—the smallest number, in fact, which the statistics record for any year since 1915. But the New York Sun pooh-poohs these figures. It declares that "the great mass of the public gets its impressions from crimes and robberies it knows about in its personal experience and from the stories it reads in the newspapers. And somehow it is the idea that never in its memory were crimes more brazen and grave than those that are committed today."

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WE have no disposition to interfere in this controversy between the daily papers of New York and the Police Commissioner of that city, other than to point out the fact that if the Commissioner's figures are correct—and the New York Sun does not dispute the figures—"crime waves" may, as many persons have suspected, be more a matter of sensational newspaper reporting than the newspapers themselves will ever confess. When grave, even stately journals, such as the New York Times, will devote pages of space to the most detailed reporting of the incidents of the Chapman trial, and when all the papers expend vast sums of money in exploiting crimes, suicides, divorce cases, their pages form a medium which possibly magnifies rather than actually mirrors what is going on amid the packed millions of New York City.

THIS year Thomas Jefferson's birthday has been festooned with plans for observing the approaching centenary of his death. If things go well, Monticello will soon become what it should long ago have been —a national shrine. There are few places where integral American history is so beautifully harmonized with honest American scenery as on the estate where the young Jefferson so planned his home that he might never be out of touch with the great Virginian hills. There is probably no other spot so well suited to meditation on the idealistic purposes which guided the building of the republic. Who could explain as fully as Jefferson the dreams for which men willingly risked the dangers of a rebellion against His Majesty, the King? Who understood better what is meant by "government of the people, for the people, by the people"? And if in the soft sleep of our national success we can afford to forget such things, there are moments when we owe ourselves the luxury of reflection.

WHAT really was the Jeffersonian "mind"? Scholars are just beginning to reveal it adequately to the public. We are learning something definite about the books, the ideas, the philosophic systems admired by men of culture and ambition during Revolutionary days. It is gradually becoming clear how deeply we have been affected by the doctrine of Rousseau. His principles of equality and the Contrat Social were, of course, written plainly into the Declaration of Independence. But many another belief of the Geneva romantic was just as zealously sponsored by Jefferson and his group. Does not the very rustic remoteness of hospitable Monticello speak to us of the conviction that man is best where least cramped by social routine and the civilization of cities? Such a conviction is indeed just as fully attested to by Jefferson's correspondence as by the books of Crevecoeur or Freneau. Upon it much of the social policy, as well as the poetry, of the rising nation was founded. The great Democrat accepted the full burden of his mysticism, so that "all men are created equal" was true for him far beyond any sense it may have taken on from courts or relationships with the British crown. Guided by it, he strove passionately to be a leveler. He wanted—his friends wanted—distribution of property. They longed to subdivide the great estates into acres settled by freemen. They desired that all should be unhampered in the practice of religious belief and in the service of truth as they saw it. Jefferson, finally, made a fetich of education quite in the spirit of l'Education Sentimentale.

THERE you have it. In remembering Jefferson we are recalling the Revolution, in a way much larger than the battle of Yorktown or even the first Fourth of July. We are reminding ourselves of the primal urge to "make the world safe for democracy" as it expressed itself on American colonial soil. Nowadays there is much attack upon everything Rousseauistic. Eminent critics have focused their attention upon the shortcomings of the populace in action with the result that Rousseau's name—and to a large extent the names of those who became his followers—stands pretty far toward the head of the list of philosophic imbeciles. Nevertheless, we are inclined to believe that after all, the old American faith in equality, in revolutionary freedom, in liberalism of public attitude towards private conviction is not dead. Human nature supplies a goodly number of forces that curb, as the centuries roll on; but only seldom does it face the light of morning proudly, casting safety to the winds that the day may bring a better harvest to those who are oppressed.

THE year 1925 brings with it a centenary which should not be overlooked—Kenelm Henry Digby's entry into the Catholic Church. He was then a young man fresh from Cambridge and known to a wide circle as the author of The Broad Stone of Honour. Though this is not a popular work in our time, it must always be treasured—like Digby's baptism—as the first sign of the great revival that would open England once again to Catholic thought and feeling. He was the forerunner of Newman and Ruskin; it was probably his influence which sent the Oxford group into so excited a study of the mediaeval tradition. With all these titles to distinction he was, however, but little concerned, being a student who tried laboriously to reflect the impression which his reading had made upon himself. His books are enormous, heavy with learning, poorly glued; and yet if read rightly they are surely a most fascinating autobiography. They reveal the rare sweetness of a soul which combined masculine strength with dreamy contemplativeness, and which enjoyed every moment of the mighty voyage to the past that was then so new and so spiritually invigorating. The wonder is not that Ruskin should say—"The best help I have ever had—so far as help depended on the praise and sympathy of others—was given me by this

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author." The wonder is rather that our time should pass by so lusty a fountain-head of refreshment. It was with Digby that modern England awoke to the beauty of Catholic tradition—an awakening which we share with a love and wonder unceasing.

THAT very capably edited and well-written newspaper, the Christian Science Monitor, is usually so well-informed in its editorial utterances—whatever we may think of its views—that a reference it recently made to John Dryden seems all the more curious. The reference is as follows—"Some 250 years ago John Dryden wrote of the Good Parson who 'his preaching much, but more his practice, wrought a living sermon of the truths he taught; for this by rules severe his life he squar'd: that all might see the doctrines which they heard.' And it is justifiable to surmise that, in writing these words, he had some of the teachings of Freemasonry in mind." As John Dryden was a Catholic—a staunch and loyal one—and as Masonry was not established in England until twenty years after his death, it is difficult to understand what justification there can be for thinking that he had Freemasonry in mind when he wrote his lines.

THE fall of the Herriot ministry has drawn a veil, if not a curtain, over the scene of French politics. It is fairly safe to predict that the ministry of M. Painlevé will not last over several nights, if it lasts at all. The sole purpose of this arrangement is to provide a comfortable blanket for M. Aristide Briand, whose suave but very Gallic personality is about the only powerful individuality to have survived the war. He is experienced, and the French need experience; he can be audacious and peremptory, and the French think they need such qualities. Where, one wonders, are the new men—the young giants who got a grip on reality from their service in the trenches? Well, there is, for instance, a conciliatory writer like Fabre-Luce, whose sensational book on the contemporary situation is an admirably documented study and a liberal manifesto which nobody would risk putting into practice. On the other hand, almost all the brilliant young men seem to have gone over to the party of M. Charles Maurras, who began some years ago to speak of a king. And whatever Paris may be prepared for, it is not yet ready for a grand promenade, vers le roi. As a consequence nothing can be done excepting to call upon veterans—the grand old men—to effect compromises that will safeguard the honor of France and stabilize the budget. An interesting political situation is the result: England on the one hand, quite ready to control affairs if it were not for the military supremacy of Marshal Foch's artillery; France on the other hand, master of the situation if only the franc would oscillate less violently. Meanwhile the German across the Rhine begins to stretch his feet more comfortably, his pipe sends up speculative fumes, and he prepares for better days. Where, anywhere, are the commanding men? These are days of forces, ideas and money—instruments which Europe finds herself at the mercy of, instead of controlling. Well, M. Briand is the master of jugglers, and one hopes he will please long enough to promote one or the other of the conciliatory ideas upon which the success of his nation and the peace of Europe seem to depend.

THE France-America Society in welcoming the new ambassador of France, stressed the fundamental problem of France—security. It is historically true that France has stood from her first vigorous upbuilding on the ruins of the Gallic-Roman civilization, a sentinel against the inroads of barbarians on one side, of alien non-Christian civilization on the other. France's glory is very real. France's history is one of battle for civilization, for the Christian ideal, that it might not perish out of Europe under the fierce onslaught of pagans and half-Christians. During centuries of war she has never raised the cry of security, but has fought brilliantly with never failing valor, until today, when her real problem is no longer outside enemies primarily —but the division in her own ranks, the culmination of the struggle shaping definitely under the vicious and weak Valois kings, and breaking into full fierce flame in the Revolution: between Christianity and the forces of anti-Christ. There lies the real weakness of France and the fight is fiercer than we comfortable Americans know of, or safe in our firm principle of religious toleration, can easily understand. It is not the ancient enmity between Germany and France that counts or which presses from France her bitter cry for security, nor is it the age-old contest with England, dating from the subjection of Britain by Franco-Normans and, after the Anglicization of these, their claims to the domination of the country from which they had emigrated. France has never feared a living enemy. France does fear now, and with reason, for her enemy is an internal enemy, striking at her ideals as old as the civilization she has defended so gloriously; striking at the root of her being.

THE somewhat astonishing assurance that not over one-third of the young men who enter American colleges ever graduate and take their degrees, is given us by Professor Ben D. Wood of Columbia University. He blames the college mainly; he says the failure of so many students to carry out their plans and reach the goal of a degree is due to lack of guidance and assistance. Very likely there are a number of contributory causes—failure of funds, the call of active life including early matrimonial cravings, deaths and business changes in students' families, the spirit of adventure, and, alas, sometimes collapse of morale. Just how far these might be offset by college intervention may be questioned. But if, as Professor Wood says, a large proportion of the failures is due to want of

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guidance and encouragement, college administrators are forced to a disheartening recognition of a lack in existing systems. He indicates that among college authorities there is no adequate understanding of the causes of failures and withdrawals in the student body.

PERHAPS it might be found that the problem really went back to the matriculations of students. It is not impossible that an appreciable percentage of those who go out never ought to have gotten in. It is not that they had not the technical requirements; it is that they had not the natural aptitudes or inclinations. Then, there are the square men in round holes; Professor Wood speaks of them; surely the college systems should allow of such readjustments as would correct these mistakes, and here, naturally, the boon of guidance and encouragement is invaluable to the boy who has lost his bearings. The situation outlined in this new attack on the colleges seems to have direct relations with the weaknesses in the entrance system upon which we commented three or four weeks ago. It would seem that in the future, ways must be found to pay more attention to the matriculant himself and less to the light mental baggage which he carries. In this way, not only will many misfits be avoided at the start, but the colleges will have more material upon which to base reorientation of unsettled cases.

AT this very time, Mr. John Hays Hammond, the successful mining engineer and promoter, comes out with some criticism of the colleges and reminiscences of his own college days. He insists strongly upon the importance of personal guidance. He tells of its benefits to himself, and he adds that "the great Walter Camp," his junior, who "had been proud to carry his bat," told him that it was from him that he had derived his inspiration. Mr. Hammond thinks the outstanding fault of our system is "the tendency to permit the college graduate to drift into the world without an objective." This theory fits in strangely well with Professor Wood's fact. It would seem as if vacuity of outlook, as determined by the college course, might discourage many a boy from keeping on with it, especially if any attractive call came from the outside.

THE fault may lie both with the students and the instructors, but Mr. Hammond is overwhelmingly right when he says that every boy should go out into active life with the course he is to follow and the goal he is to attain, mapped out with the assistance of parents and teachers. He adds this singular remark—"With a youth's ambition fixed, we needn't worry much about the formation of his character." We should have thought that character would be a leading accompaniment of the ambition, and that upon it, above all things, his elders would guide and counsel him. But it may be just a matter of definition. Mr. Hammond may include character in all worthy ambition. If so, he is on the right ground, but in talking of these things it is impossible to be too specific or too emphatic. Above all, let colleges educate in character.

IT almost seems as if no self-respecting young anatomist could afford not to be known as the describer of some skull related to the controversy concerning the derivation of man's body. The latest of all these is the Taungs skull, discovered in South Africa and figured in many journals, notably in a recent number of the Scientific American, where it is described as "a new link in man's ancestry"—a most misleading title since it is no more that than any other skull of any other anthropoid ape. The arguments for and against any one of these can be applied to the Taungs find. The very one-sided attitude towards things of this kind has been admirably satirized by Punch in a supposed address, delivered in this year of grace to the Golders Green Society, in which it is pointed out that much as we may fall below the level of the weasel, yet there are moments when the human mind has vision which the weasel can never share. We may, the address concludes, not only rise again some day to the level of the man-apes, but we may even soar beyond them. The fact is that in considering these skulls and the arguments connected with them, all the vision is for the anatomical characters, and the telescope is steadily applied to the blind eye when psychology comes in.

FRANCE—TIMID OR RESURGENT?

IN FRANCE there is a certain etiquette to a change of ministry. One strong ministry rarely succeeds another directly. There must be a soft interlude during which new alignments can form themselves, the passions of politicians subside or transmute themselves into newer and more effective passions, and the arc-light of publicity dim itself somewhat. This was so even during the stress of war, with the enemy guns thundering not far from the Paris gates, and it is even more strictly so today.

Moreover, certain men have become recognized as almost professional buffers—ministers pro tem whose function is about as dignified as a trial balloon, and yet quite as useful and constructive. Paul Painlevé is such a man, and the mere fact that he was the first of the old line statesmen to be asked to form a cabinet after the Herriot demise is indication enough that France is not quite ready for the man who will finally summon her finest spirit and enable it to recreate her financial stability.

Of the final outcome, there can be but little question. France is an astonishingly conservative country, with a delicacy of sentiment and a sturdiness of self-respect found in few other nations. It is really her conservatism, understood as a difficulty of readjustment to new conditions, which underlies her pres-

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ent politico-financial difficulties. She has grown accustomed through long years to regard her credit, both domestic and foreign, as of the higher rank. The amazing rapidity with which she paid off the German indemnities after the débâcle of 1870 is a laurel wreath on which she has rested honorably for half a century. Her industries have been sound, her population industrious and saving, and she has accepted the misleading vagaries of her professional politicians with a certain casual humor, as being of little fundamental consequence.

It takes something more drastic than a few heated words in the Chamber of Deputies to convince the population of France that the fundamentals have changed—that the existence of large foreign debts has cast a new importance upon the fiscal department of the government—that the words of political financiers are being accepted abroad as typifying the moral basis of French credit—and, above all, that long delayed financial readjustments and the fear of politicians to impose heavy taxes have caused no slight misgivings, even in quarters where the old tradition of French credit was deeply intrenched. It seems altogether probable that a single concrete fact, such as the action of the Bank of France in exceeding the legal limit of note-issue, has done more than many years of polite warnings, courteous cautions and friendly remonstrances. It has, if we read the signs aright, shocked the French public out of its conservative lethargy. From now on, developments should be more rapid and far more effective.

But we must be patient if the first steps in this new period of reconstruction are colorless and hesitant. There are many powerful and conflicting influences at work which do not show on the surface, and whatever ministry takes hold temporarily (as we write, the veteran Briand is also having difficulties, after Painlevé's failure) the real work of reconstruction will be begun behind closed doors. Joseph Caillaux is fatuously training himself to be France's financial savior. Loucheur, representing the industrial interests, is determined to keep a hand on the throttle. Another industrial group, typified by the Michelin interests during the war, is undoubtedly striving to the best of its ability to restore common sense. Poincaré is still rampant and effective. Herriot may not be able to command a majority, but he has become strongly intrenched. And so the complex struggle goes on—a struggle not to be harnessed to effective power in forty-eight hours, or even forty-eight days.

But beneath it all surges the spirit of an awakened France. We believe the accusations leveled against her of financial timidity are false and ill-advised. They apply only to the political figureheads whom a conservative tolerance and over-assurance have allowed to represent her too long before foreign opinion. They do not apply to the basic spirit of the country, which demanded only a concrete and startling fact to fuse it into indignant and mighty strength. Within the year, if not within the next six months, we shall see a France resurgent, as steadfast, as stable and as inflexible in conquering her financial confusion as she was gallant, intrepid and skilful in meeting the overpowering realities of war. The political manoeuverings of today are only preparing the way for the real leaders who will soon step forth to summon all her courage with that supreme audacity which is—France.

ON TEACHING EVOLUTION

IN how far is it legitimate for a community, large or small, to place a limit on what is to be taught to its children and to define what they must be instructed to believe on definite points? It is a hard question to answer fully.

In Zion City, Illinois, the civil government requires that the rising generation should be taught that the earth is flat "like a pie, surrounded by a circle of water, inclosed by an outer circle of impenetrable ice." So Professor Lane of the University of Kansas, in a recent work assures us, also stating that a teacher in Kentucky has been dismissed and her dismissal upheld by the courts because she insisted on teaching that the earth was more or less spherical. "Those that pay the piper can call the tune"—so runs the proverb. But what is to be said as to the fate of those children who are not forever doomed to inhabit Zion City or the sovereign state of Kentucky? Is it well that they should go forth into life handicapped by nonsensical ideas of this kind? The matter—and it is one of the first importance—has been brought to a head in these states of late by the agitation which has been set up to forbid the teaching of evolution—even the very mention of its name—in institutions conducted at the expense of the public funds. The most recent action in regard to this is, of course, that of the state of Tennessee which absolutely prohibits the teaching of evolution in lower and normal schools, in colleges and in the University—in fact all educational institutions which are in receipt of state funds. This has led to many protests in the papers, and finally to the very temperate manifesto of the Committee on Freedom of Teaching in Science, which appears in a recent number of our contemporary Science, and is signed by men such as Professors Conklyn, Kellogg, Matthews, Breasted, under the presidency of S. J. Holmes.

It is an amazing thing that it is in the United States and there only—in those states which were set up to be the home of liberty—that such an agitation has been set on foot and such a manifesto become necessary. Yet, since teachers of biology in a number of colleges have been dismissed on account of their promulgation of evolutionary ideas, it is clear that freedom in scientific teaching is not merely in danger but actually under attack. The manifesto in question considers the ques-

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tion carefully and, as we have said, temperately, all things considered. We use these words advisedly, for charity and fellow-feeling naturally urge teachers of biology, conscious of their freer lot, to sympathize warmly with those who have been sent out into the wilderness of unemployment for upholding opinions which they themselves preach daily, none saying them nay. Some have suggested in this matter that the teaching of evolution should only be interfered with when that theory is insisted upon as fact. The point is well taken. That students at least of university standing should not be taught what is meant by the word evolution; what has been the controversy over the doctrines included under that name; what is the evidence for and against it; that students should be allowed to go out into the world wholly ignorant on these heads, is almost as criminal a piece of educational folly as that of Zion City. For such students when they come out of the cocoon of cotton-wool which has been wound round them by those in authority, find themselves blankly ignorant of a whole phase of human thought and of one which is constantly alluded to in the columns of the daily, weekly, and monthly press. Clearly, when they make this discovery, they tend to fly at once to the opposite extreme and thus defeat the mistaken policy of their directors.

What is to be desired is that a knowledge of the subject should be imparted judicially and impartially. Evolution is not a proved fact in spite of what some may say. It is highly probable that it may never come to be a proved fact. Professor Morgan of Columbia University, writing in 1903, stated that "however probable the theory [of evolution] may appear, the evidence is indirect and exact proof is wanting." Nothing has turned up in the intervening years to call for a change in that opinion—indeed, the advances of Mendelian views, coupled with the necessary retreats on the part of the Darwinians—little as they are inclined to admit such retreats—with the innumerable doubts which have thus been cast round the question of the mechanism of evolution, render that theory today at least as far from exact proof as it was a quarter of a century ago. The signatories of the manifesto reply to the suggestion now under consideration, that "a teacher in any field is under a moral obligation not to teach as a fact a doctrine which is not as yet established." We entirely agree, and further agree with the signatories that such should be the policy in connection with every disputed theory. But can they lay their hands on their hearts and say that evolution is never forced down the throats of students as a fact that can only be denied by incurring all the dangers of scientific damnation? Certainly they cannot; and there is just the difficulty of the case. First of all, there are the young and ardent teachers bouncing out into scientific life, inflated with great ideas of themselves and of their subject—which they are abundantly justified in holding in esteem—and anxious to show their class that they at least have emancipated minds. And there are those who find incentive in the absurdities of the anti-evolutionary, teaching people to push their own views a certain distance further than they would have done had they been left unprovoked. The signatories admit themselves that the theory of evolution is not yet proved, and they continue that so far has it advanced along the path of discussion that "teachers of biology differ as to whether, for practical purposes, it should be classed as fact or theory."

We fail to catch the exact significance here of the words "for practical purposes," but for the rest we are bound to agree. We ourselves in common with many persons conversant with the subject, find ourselves in agreement with Professor Morgan. Yet from our own particular camp comes forth Professor de Dorlodot, a Canon and of course a priest and a most erudite palaeontologist, who has, it seems, no doubts as to the proven character of the doctrine in question apart, of course, from its Darwinian or other trimmings. The learned Father Wasmann, S.J., finds no difficulty in accepting the doctrine as by far the best explanation so far offered by science. Are men such as these not to be allowed to say what they believe to be the truth on this subject? The Church, at any rate, makes no difficulty in permitting the Canon to speak out his mind urbi et orbi, for his book has the imprimatur of the University of Louvain and the Archbishopric of Westminster. "The Canon's book," it may be urged, "is intended for the learned world and we are complaining of these matters being put forward as established truth to the minds of callow youngsters."

No one can fail to sympathize with that remark. To us it appears that it is at least as wrong to teach this theory without dwelling reasonably on the doubts which are and have been entertained about it, as it is to keep students in entire ignorance of it. What is far worse than either, however, is to teach it with a sneer at religion as a worn-out toothless dog which has long stood in the way of progress, especially of scientific progress, but is now worsted and forever—more than worsted—thoroughly discredited. That such teaching is given (and not always covertly) no person conversant with the facts can possibly deny, and that such should be given is only excusable, if at all, on the part of those who have been brought up in the extreme schools of Zion City and Kentucky. Having emerged from that darkness into what they suppose to be light, it is but natural that they should fall foul of what they equally suppose to be religion.

What is unfortunate for us Catholics is that, in their ignorance, not only persons of this kind but others with much less excuse, imagine that if Protestant theology is constipated in its nature, Catholic theology must necessarily be far more so. The contrary is the case. Catholic theology holds with a constancy which is the amazement of rapidly disintegrating Protestantism, the fundamental and essential doctrines on which

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Christianity is founded. But outside those doctrines, and thus in a very wide domain, freedom is allowed—a freedom which can never be that of those outside, since they can never know where they really are in regard to any doctrine.

We observe that the Register of Boston, a Unitarian organ, commenting on the Tennessee legislation, states that those who favored it had "the aid and comfort—and votes—of Roman Catholics." In so far as this means, as it may, that some Catholics supported the action of their legislature by their votes, we have nothing to reply. It is impossible to say whether any number did or did not support it, and the same might also be said of Unitarians or indeed of any other body of religious persons. But the statement is disingenuous and misleading, in that it attempts to commit the Catholic Church to a position to which its leaders have never committed it—as indeed may be gathered from what we have quoted from the writings of learned clerics like de Dorlodot and Wasmann, whose opinions published under the weightiest possible imprimaturs are surely at least as valuable as those of the supposititious Tennessee Catholics above alluded to.

It is a thousand pities that men of science cannot be persuaded for a moment to contemplate the Catholic position as fully set forth in the book mentioned, for they would find that position reasonable beyond their wildest imaginings. They have learnt, or think that they have learnt, that Protestant theology is a vain thing, fondly imagined, and having been brought up from their youth to believe that the Reformation was the escape of all the intelligent and earnest and honest souls of the period from that Paradise of Fools and Rogues known as the Holy Catholic Church, they very naturally conclude à fortiori that Catholic theology cannot be a study worthy of the attention of any thinking man. And that in spite of the great minds which have found therein matter for life-long study and for complete satisfaction of soul.

Let us clear our minds of cant, as Samuel Johnson used to advise, and face the facts. The problem is how to get learned men of impartiality to listen to our case. And above all, to listen to it as put by ourselves and not as garbled by ignorant writers, not even if that garbling appears in learned encyclopaedias and over the signatures of men whose consideration for their own positions as scholars ought to constrain them to treat the subject of Catholicity as Catholics teach it. Let them listen to the defendant in his own plea. Evolution—for the present at least—should be taught as a theory and not as established truth, and the arguments against as well as those in favor should be stated. It should be taught that it may have been the method of creation; but that even so, it cannot and does not, as men like Darwin and Huxley admitted, in any way exclude the idea of a Creator. From our point of view, it can never be admitted that man's soul comes under the sway of evolution as the teaching of many indicates—in flat contradiction, as we think, not merely to revelation, which settles the matter for us, but to all common sense psychology. Indeed, this is the opinion of many important thinkers outside the Church. And with regard to the formation of man's physical frame, let us beg that those who are teaching the subject will face fairly the fact that the actual as apart from the imaginary evidence for its production from that of a lower animal, is very far from convincing. Of course, many will admit that in private, who are more reticent in public; but such is the fact nevertheless, and the statement made some twenty years ago by the eminent palaeontologist Branco, that the only honest thing for science to say is that it knows nothing of man's ancestry, still stands unaffected by any intervening discoveries.

From this point of view, we feel that the subject of evolution not only should not be banned, but that it should be definitely laid before the higher grades of students—it is no subject of the kindergarten as some foolish persons seem to think. In our Catholic institutions the students will not only hear—as students everywhere should hear—what difficulties there are from a scientific point of view, but still more they will have the rays of light shed by a really competent philosophy in which they are favored above their non-Catholic fellows. And see the result—it is precisely along philosophical lines that so many non-Catholic writers are weak, and it is just on that account that many of them have been led to make statements which even a babe in logic, taught to analyze, can see to be fallacious.

With a fair exposure of the subject in all its aspects, and on honest lines which must be water-tight against the criticism of the non-Catholic listener, and more especially with that philosophical treatment which we have already desiderated, the student will go out into the world knowing what the papers and magazines are writing about—which is more than the favored inhabitants of Tennessee will be able to do. Moreover, he will go out knowing what are the weak as well as the strong points of the subject, which is more than can be said for the favored products of some state universities possessed of teachers with the blind eye ever to the telescope when it is a case of the "cons." Every man and woman going out into the world today has to face religious difficulties, and that he may be able to face them successfully is the chief raison d'être of his education. "What!" someone may say, "is that what you think? What about his worldly career?" That will not be interfered with by his having an adequate knowledge of the other matters, and if it were—what after all is man brought into the world for? To save his soul or to accumulate dollars? It is for our teachers to see that their pupils are provided with the needful weapons for their future conflict, and one of these is an adequate idea of the position of evolution as at present set before the public.

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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MEXICO?

I. THE SEIZURE OF LA SOLEDAD

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

UNTIL the seizure of the church of La Soledad (Solitude) between eight and nine p. m. on the night of February 21, few people outside of Mexico were aware that this country had a religious question. And as that particular incident threw a flood of light on the whole situation in Mexico, I shall describe it somewhat in detail.

The church of La Soledad is an eighteenth century Spanish church, which has been Catholic since its foundation, and which contains a much-revered image of "Nuestra Señora de la Soledad" (Our Lady of the Solitude). There are many churches of "La Soledad" in Mexico—"the solitude" being that of Our Lady during the interval between the death and the resurrection of her Divine Son. The "Soledad" of which I speak in this article is one of the largest churches in Mexico city, being able to accommodate 5,000 people; and, being situated in a poor and intensely Catholic district, it was much frequented. It is less than five minutes' walk to the rear of the National Palace, the residence of the President.

Since April 28, 1923, the parish priest has been Father Alejandro Silva, who was duly appointed by the Archbishop on the death of Father Silvestre Hernandez, and whose status as the parish priest of La Soledad has been admitted over and over again by the city council, the city governor, and all the other civil authorities who had to deal with him. In short, Father Silva's position as parish priest was never contested by anyone till February 21, when it was contested, in a most outrageous manner by a gang of ruffians who had no right to contest it at all. On that night, Father Silva's house which is connected with the church, was suddenly invaded by a band of about one hundred armed laymen, all of them strangers to the parish, under the leadership of two ex-priests—José Joaquin Perez and Luis Manuel Monje. When Father Silva asked Perez what he wanted, the latter replied that he had come to present Father Monje as the new incumbent of the church, and asked Father Silva to hand over immediately the keys of the church as well as an inventory of the church property.

"By whose authority are you acting?" asked the parish priest.

"By the authority of the sovereign people," replied Perez.

The parish priest pointed out, however, that "a ridiculous group of persons such as they were, could not represent the authority of the sovereign people, who had, moreover, their own authorities, legally constituted, and empowered to represent them in all cases. He also refused to hand over the keys, whereupon the intruders attacked him, bound him hand and foot, threw him out of the house, and took possession of the church and the presbytery.

On regaining the free use of his limbs, Father Silva complained to a policeman, but at this juncture one of the trespassers came out of the house and showed the policeman a paper, whereupon the policeman told the astonished priest that he could take no steps whatever in the matter. Father Silva next complained to the local police inspector, but that functionary also refused to assist him.

All the above is taken from the testimony given by Father Silva on March 9, before the Licenciate Eleazar Nuñez, judge of the Sixth Correctional Court; but, like the police, that judge gave the complainant no satisfaction.

On February 22, Monje made an attempt to say Mass under the protection of his hundred followers, who call themselves "the Knights of Guadalupe," and who wore their revolvers strapped to their belts in the church; but every man, woman, and child in the congregation was opposed to the intruder, who, despite his bodyguard, was attacked, struck in the face by a woman, and beaten. He and his knights then took refuge in the sacristy, and they would have been driven out of the church entirely were it not for the timely assistance which they received at this moment from the police and the firemen, large detachments of whom now entered the building. The firemen had come with their engines, from which they directed a stream of water, not on the Knights of Guadalupe but on the members of the congregation, who, drenched with water, were finally forced to leave the church in the hands of the police, the firemen, and the schismatics. The latter are still in the parochial-house, but the church is empty and is guarded by armed soldiers. The doors are sealed, and the government has announced that it will not restore the building to the Catholics: it will hand it over to the Department of Education, which intends to convert it into a museum!

Of this unjust decision I shall have more to say hereafter. Here I confine myself purposely to the bald facts, but behind these bald facts lies more than mere injustice—there lies a plot for the overthrow and the disruption of the Catholic Church in Mexico. The chief mover in this plot is the President of the republic, General Don Plutarch Elias Calles, a militant atheist, consumed by a fierce hate for Catholicity, and an intense desire to uproot it in Mexico. Calles, who is a close student of Russian Bolshevism and a great

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admirer of Lenin and Trotzsky, came to the conclusion that the promotion of a schism in the Catholic Church would be preferable to a direct attack on it after the Bolshevist fashion, and he accordingly selected as his instruments the two disreputable, suspended priests, Perez and Monje. The attack on the church of La Soledad was planned by Calles himself. The so-called Knights of Guadalupe were nearly all police agents in civil dress. The paper which one of those knights showed to the policeman who first came, as we have seen, to investigate the affair, was a certificate of government protection. The strange failure of the district inspector-of-police, and the chief-of-police, and of Judge Eleazar Nuñez to take any steps in this matter were due to the fact that Perez and his gang were acting at the instigation and under the protection of General Calles, the same General Calles who, when governor of Sonora, expelled all the Catholic priests—some fifty in number—from that province, and closed all the churches.

In the succeeding articles I shall go further into this matter of La Soledad. I shall describe the actors in it. I shall tell the subsequent development. I shall also say something of Catholicity in Mexico, and shall consider impartially whether or not it will be able to weather the storm which has only just begun to beat upon it, and which, according to all indications, will soon attain the force of a hurricane. I shall describe briefly the Bolshevist tendency of recent legislation in this country; and I shall say something of Mexico's problems generally and of the Mexican people's future.

IN connection with the articles describing the religious situation in Mexico by Captain Francis McCullagh, which begin in the present number of The Commonweal, we call attention to an article in The Tidings, of Los Angeles, written by Rev. Eugene Sugranes, who is thoroughly well acquainted with Mexican affairs. We quote some of the pertinent passages of his article—

"The policy of the Mexican government in its dealings with the Catholic Church, is, to put it mildly, of a suspicious character. With some very rare exceptions, the policy of the government in Mexico, all the way from the local through the state and federal branches, has invariably been one of constant repression, petty annoyance and persecution. In other words, the Mexican government has invariably maintained a hostile attitude toward the Catholic Church. . . .

"Concerning the present agitation, the Mexican government, Pilate-like seems to wash its hands of this unpleasant affair, declaring that it has nothing to do in the matter; or that it will see to it that justice is done to both parties; yet, at the same time, it says that the protection of the law will be extended to the separatists and schismatics almost as if they were the martyrs of a hopeless cause, or the innocent victims of religious persecution. Nothing could be farther from the truth; they are violent intruders trampling upon the rights of others. Even granting for argument's sake, that the position of the Mexican government in holding the churches is a just one,—which it is not,—and supposing that the churches belong to the state,—which is not true—even then, I say, that it does not follow that every Tom, Dick and Harry may occupy them and expel by force those who are already in peaceful possession of them.

"And yet, the worst feature, the most serious danger, the impending menace, the root and source of the whole trouble lies in the iniquitous Laws of Reform and in that standing affront to modern civilization, the so-called Mexican Constitution. As long as those iniquitous laws and so-called Constitution are allowed to stand, just so long there will be a perennial cause for internal trouble in Mexico. They are like a cancer in the body politic. This cancer can apparently be cured. It can be camouflaged. But sooner or later the malignant growth will manifest itself. Some benign executive may for a while overlook them; he may not carry their provisions into execution. But, at any moment, any unscrupulous man vested with authority, if he pleases, can openly persecute and make it hot for the Catholic Church. . . .

"Mexico is not a republic according to our standards of free and representative government. Mexico is at best a nation groaning under the merciless lash of despotism. The people have no voice either in the making of the laws, or in the selection of their public servants. Freedom of conscience and religious liberty, as far as Catholics are concerned, do not exist in Mexico. They are meaningless words. The so-called Mexican Constitution is a sham, a mockery. It does not represent nor express the will of the sovereign people. The people not only had no voice in its drafting and adoption, but it was put over and passed against the protests of the law-abiding masses.

"What about the separatist movement in itself? Were it not for the circumstances surrounding it, the separatists and schismatic movement in itself would really be insignificant, of no consequence, almost ridiculous. But, under the conditions here and now obtaining in Mexico, the so-called Mexican Catholic Apostolic Church constitutes an impending danger, a real and serious menace and an open provocation. It might be compared to a spark that at any time may start a conflagration, or to the proverbial last straw that breaks the camel's back. . . .

"The Archbishop of Mexico, Most Reverend José Mora y del Rio, D.D., has summoned all the archbishops and bishops of the republic to the city of Mexico where a conference will be held to devise ways and means to resist the violent attacks of the schismatics. Meanwhile the leaders of the movement, their followers, fomenters and abettors have been excommunicated, suspended and interdicted."

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BIRTH CONTROL VS. BIRTH EXPANSION

By JAMES J. WALSH

DURING the preliminaries and the general proceedings of the meetings of a birth control congress, much is heard of the necessity for reducing the number of children in families. Then when the conclusions of the congress are announced, we find that emphasis is laid particularly on the necessity for having more children in the families of the better classes. It is actually birth expansion and not birth control, that they find it advisable to recommend. This was exactly what happened when the International Eugenics Society held its meeting in New York City some years ago. The scientists made it very clear that they thought that a great many people who ought to have children were not having them, or were having them in such limited numbers as to threaten serious consequences to the race. Serious scientific students of population and civilization are pretty well agreed that there is entirely too much birth control for the good of humanity among those who can best afford to have and educate children.

Some months ago The Scientific Monthly, which is, in a certain sense, at least one of the organs for the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and therefore presumably representative of the genuine scientific thought of the day in this country, carried an article by Hornell Hart of the Iowa Child Welfare Association on Occupational Differential Fecundity, in which the author calls emphatic attention to the fact that if the present tendency toward small families in the homes of the better educated continues, our American civilization is seriously threatened. It has been suggested that the race will be better off without descendants of those who are so selfish and so deeply absorbed in themselves that they refuse to have children. It is very probable that there is much more than a germ of truth in this expression. It is well to realize however that the very classes who have been most insistent in their attention to birth control are being aroused to the serious dangers for country and humanity that are involved in it because of the cultivation of selfishness which it carries with it.

Mr. Hart quotes the two writers who in recent years have attracted the most attention in the English-speaking countries by their suggestions with regard to the ugly possibilities of racial degeneration that are just ahead of the more civilized countries if present customs with regard to the limitation of families continue. Dr. Saleeby, writing of English conditions says —"A steadily and rapidly diminishing proportion of the nation's children are being born to parents and in environments such as promise them the best inheritance —biological, genetic and social." He adds that evidently "a very few generations of this . . . must be fatal." He acknowledges very cordially what is being done to make the health of children better by school clinics, health inspection, prenatal advice, the visiting nurse and all the other agencies that are now being invoked. But what is needed much more than these "reparative makeshifts" or preventive measures, is the birth of more children endowed with the best minds and bodies they can have. Our really successful people, not the mere money-makers, but the people who have made something of themselves, are more and more withdrawing from the definite duty of reproducing. The consequence of this neglect is a growing deterioration of the race.

In this country Mr. Lothrop Stoddard writes in similarly pessimistic vein as to the outlook for the race here, and even goes so far as to say that "if intelligence continues to be bred out of the race at its present rate, civilization will either slump or crash from sheer lack of brains." It has often been said that if the colleges and universities of this country were to depend on the sons and daughters of their graduates as students, the student roll would very soon be a vanishing quantity.

The individualistic philosophy which has, during the past generation, emphasized the fact that each person should get as much out of life for himself as possible, has kept people from assuming obligations that would require them to be thoughtful of others rather than of themselves. Hence not only small families, but the ever-increasing number of bachelors and spinsters, particularly among the educated classes.

It has been suggested in New England, that the old families are dwindling so rapidly that it may be perfectly possible before very long to send back the descendants of those who landed in the Mayflower in a vessel not much larger than that which brought their ancestors here. The expression may seem to have an innuendo of bitterness about it, but the satiric element in it is surely justified by the situation. It has even been said that there would be no need to pad the passenger list of the returning vessel, as is sometimes suspected to have been done with the original.

The surprise is that not only are fewer children born to the so-called better classes, but that fewer children in proportion to their numbers survive among these classes than among the poor. Probably nothing proved more shocking to current notions of child health, than the declarations made a few years ago by the Health Departments of New York and Boston, that the foreign-born mother in this country was raising one-seventh more of her children than the native-born mother. When it is recalled that foreigners live very often in unhealthily-crowded conditions in the

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slums, sometimes with barely sufficient nourishment to support them properly, this seems almost impossible. The principal reason why it is true is that the foreign-born mother is ready to devote herself heart and soul to her children and allows no other interest to interfere.

Recent studies have shown that the balance is against the race, not only because of the fact that fewer children are born among the professional classes than in the families of handworkers, but also because the more intelligent in the professions are failing to replace themselves in the rising generation. It has been suggested that brilliant lawyers have smaller families than stupid lawyers—that intelligent laborers have smaller families than stupid laborers.

It is in a matter of this kind that individualism shows its weakness and its incapacity to enable men to do what is best for their own happiness and that of others. There is need of the recognition of a Higher Power, and of readiness to submit to the idea of duty toward that Higher Power, even though it involves the sacrifice of certain pleasures and comforts of life. As a matter of fact, the so-called sacrifices, prove frequently to be the sources of some of the deepest pleasures of life. Unless one is interested in the rising generation in a very serious way, there is very little satisfaction in life as the years advance and life's decline comes on. Unless one can live over in the persons of younger folk, the meaning of life, there is very little significance in human existence.

There has been a good deal of sentimentality wasted over the name mother, and yet the word contains in itself the quintessence of all that is best in human nature. It was a great philosopher who said that when God wanted to leave upon earth a symbol of what His love might be for His creatures—one that they could readily understand, it was this—He created mothers.

BOLSHEVISM—A UNIVERSAL DANGER

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

IN AN article which appeared in The Commonweal of March 15, the Rev. Augustine von Galen says that "it is unjust to speak of Bolshevism as being a peculiar form of Russian madness, because the Russians were unfortunately the first victims of its effective application."

These words are profoundly true, but it required a man of intelligence and with an immense knowledge of the present international social situation to utter them. Bolshevism is not "a peculiar form of Russian madness." Bolshevism is the great madness of the whole of the world, born out of the agony and anguish of the great war, and thrust upon mankind in the way of a scourge, surpassing all those that had visited it before its advent. But this does not mean that it had not been in the bones of humanity long before events allowed it to break out, because like so many other diseases which take years to mature, it had been undermining our social constitution, long before it had the opportunity to appear and rise up before us in all its hideous nakedness, and to show its strength to our amazed eyes.

There is no greater error than to think that Bolshevism is a political party. Bolshevism is a social convulsion, and as such we must struggle with it and fight it with all the energy we still possess—if we do not want to see what is left of our old civilization founder and perish. It is something more even than a social convulsion—it is the upheaval of a world which we had imagined did not exist any longer, against the rules and laws that had subdued it, as we foolishly thought, and which coming back to life with frightful force, has thrown itself upon us, with but one aim—one desire—which consists in the wish to destroy everything it finds standing in its way.

Unfortunately, few people have realized this awful truth, while many still believe that Bolshevism is essentially a Russian invention, and that it will remain confined to Russia, where in the course of time it will undergo a change, and adapt itself to western requirements. They persist, these people, in the mistaken conviction that Bolshevism is but a political incident in the life of one nation; whereas it is nothing of the kind. Bolshevism is the sympton of a new state of mind which has arisen all over the world, and which is working with frightful rapidity at the task of destroying old prejudices, old faiths and old beliefs, replacing them by what is called "independence of thought and of opinions," but which is nothing but an intellectual and moral kind of Bolshevism, slowly creeping into hitherto invulnerable fortresses, demoralizing the human mind and intellect, as well as the human soul and heart, transforming art and literature into something as base as it is incomprehensible, and setting up in the place of the ideals of old, the struggle of personal ambitions and of national appetites; a dangerous kind of struggle, that can only end in the total ruin of the social structure of the earth, and in its transformation into a kind of bedlam, devoid of keepers to maintain it in order.

This contagion, because there is nothing more contagious than Bolshevism, may have reached us from Russia, but this does not mean that it is a purely Russian thing, only that it has found in Russia a ground where it was easier than elsewhere for it to develop itself and to try its strength before it started to invade

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the rest of the world. Europe made a great mistake in regard to Russia—a mistake for which she is paying now. This mistake consisted of a complete misconception as to what Russia really represented, and really was, and of the wrong belief that by dealing with it, one had got to do with a civilized nation. It was not a civilized nation, in spite of the fact that it contained far more civilized and educated single individuals than any other country.

To judge of Bolshevism and understand the reasons for its swift successes, one must know Russia, and have studied its political and historical development, which unfortunately very few persons have taken the trouble to do. Russia was an artificial colossus, held together by artificial means—and only thanks to the numerous foreign elements it contained. By itself it represented nothing beyond savagery; and lack of general instruction, knowledge, morals and manners. Its march forward had been far too rapid, and forcibly brought about by one man only—Peter the Great—who, in his intense love for the land over which he ruled, had by a single effort of his enormous will, raised it to the rank of a civilized nation, by introducing into it as far as he could, the culture of the West, and by calling to his help in his stupenduous work, not his compatriots, but men from outside—foreigners whom he established in the prominent positions which they were to hold for more than 200 years.

Russia, such as it was thought to be; Russia, whose alliance European nations sought, whose power was feared, and whose influence in politics was enormous, was nothing but a myth—a colossal myth. It had forced its way on the world; it had produced great minds, great men, great artists, great writers; but these men, these minds, these artists, these writers, belonged to a small privileged group, intellectually raised as high as any human being could be raised, thanks to the peculiar construction of the edifice of their country. This group was not the nation; it stood outside of the nation, it did not understand the nation, and the nation in its turn did not understand it. It was a group divided from the masses by an abyss, which, if the country had been allowed to develop itself quietly and peacefully, would still have taken five hundred years more to fill up.

Russia—this is the point which ought never to be forgotten—is not a European, but an Asiatic nation—with Asiatic conceptions of what is right and wrong; Asiatic morality, and Asiatic cunning combined with Asiatic cruelty. Russia had been kept on a level with the West, thanks to the western culture of its upper classes, and to the different and numerous foreign nationalities out of which the Russian empire was largely composed—nationalities far more advanced in culture than were the Russians, who gave to the latter the life which they needed and the energy which they required to maintain their standing in the world. The practical dismemberment of the realm of Peter the Great as a consequence of the great war—one of its most regrettable consequences—has thrown Russia back two centuries and re-transformed it into what it had been at the origin of its history—an Asiatic nation ruled with Asiatic ideals, and Asiatic ruthlessness.

Unfortunately, that mightly monarch, Peter the Great, was never understood either by his contemporaries or by posterity; and but very few realized what had been his real aim, or the immensity of the conceptions that had led him to forsake the ancient capital of the Muscovite Czars in favor of the new town he had raised and built amidst the swamps of the Baltic sea. He was ridiculed, he was censured, for this whim, as it was called. He was accused of stupid ambition; whereas his motive had been deep political insight, aided by the conviction that Russia must be brought nearer to the West before the West threw itself upon it to destroy it, as it had been nearly destroyed in the past by the Mongols.

Unfortunately, this premature creation of a new Russia, which had been the life-dream of the great Peter, was ultimately to become the cause of its fall, or rather of its return to its primitive savagery. Peter had not been able, in spite of his immense strength of will, to civilize his people; he had only civilized a few people, which is not quite the same thing; and it was these who had maintained for 200 years this myth of a Russian nation capable of taking a lead in European affairs. The culture of the Russian upper class was something wonderful and amazing in its varied intensity; it was as deep as it was real, but it did not extend itself to the bulk of the nation, which remained as savage and as barbarous as it had been in the days of Ivan the Terrible. Unfortunately, Europe did not know this; Europe only saw the beauties of a literature which had opened its eyes and drawn its attention upon social problems it had not noticed before; it only admired the manifestations of an art almost painful in its intensity of feeling and perfection. Europe had built for itself a conception of a Russia filled with Tolstoys and Dostoievskys, Rubinsteins and Tchaykowskys, Krapotkines and Plekhanoffs. It had not realized that these men were but exceptions among 160,000,000 human creatures, whose mental and physical faculties were not much superior to those of the lower animals.—Europe imagined that it ought to follow this Russia which did not exist, but in whose existence it firmly believed.

It was this wrong attitude and false point of view which made the world so receptive to the fatal development of Bolshevism, and prevented it from noticing at once the evil it represented.

At the present moment, Russia constitutes the most terrible and deadly danger that has ever menaced civilization and culture since the time when the Barbarians, coming down from the North, swept upon the Roman empire and destroyed it. She is our modern Barbarian, driven out of Europe by the war, deprived

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of those elements that could have kept her on her former level, once more turning her face towards this mysterious Asia from whence she came originally, asking it to accept her once more for its own, together with all that she is bringing along with her in the way of wrong conceptions and instincts for plunder and murder. The yellow blood which still runs in her veins from the days of the Mongol conquest, has asserted itself once more after long centuries of slumber. It is in this generally overlooked fact that the great problem of the future lies—not only for Russia, but also for Europe—and indeed, for the whole world. If, which God forbid, a day ever comes when Russia, allied with other people of yellow blood and origin, starts a crusade, the ostensible object of which will be the spreading of Bolshevik doctrines and principles, then indeed the world will stand very close to the brink of destruction—and perhaps will perish entirely; if not materially, at least intellectually, because the triumph of such principles and doctrines can only bring chaos—a chaos such as today exists in Russia, where the fear of God no longer reigns, and where children are being brought up, not only in ignorance of, but in contempt of the existence of the Divinity.

After all is said, it is impossible either for nations or individuals to go on living without some kind of faith, some sort of belief. Once faith and belief have disappeared, what remains to distinguish human beings from animals, except the fact that an animal is never as thoroughly cruel as a man can be, because it hardly ever kills for the mere pleasure of killing, and it does not revel at the sight of suffering which it inflicts. We have heard a great deal about the cruelty of the Bolsheviks, but when remembering it, one must not altogether lose sight of the fact that this cruelty is due to the absence of civilization among the Russian people, and that this people has not been trained and reared in the respect of human life. The Russian peasant was never taught, but was left in the darkest ignorance, with no noble feeling developed in his heart —not even that of religion, because the one he practised was only superstition. Neither the peasant, nor those who composed what was called the "Russian intelligentsia," ever understood the part played in the development of the world by that higher Divinity, before whom every civilized man bends the knee at some time in his life.

Bolshevism arose out of the general feeling of negation that has been the real cause of the ruin of Russia, and the spreading of which as a rule of life, has reached the rest of Europe through her, and threatens it with the same destruction that has overwhelmed her. Unless an energetic effort is made to crush it by appealing to the noble sentiments of mankind which Bolshevism ignores, this feeling, one of the most dangerous gifts made to humanity by the powers of darkness, will succeed in poisoning the minds and hearts of future generations. It has already contaminated to a dangerous point those of the present one.

No, Bolshevism is not a Russian madness—it is a universal one—because everywhere bad instincts exist, and it is to those bad instincts that it appeals. The fact that Russians have been the first victims of it does not mean that other nations also will not succumb under the blows it is dealing indiscriminately, or that they have not already succumbed to them, at least partially.

Bolshevism—we must face this fact—is an awful disease for which but one cure exists—and that is a common effort made by all nations on earth to expurge this horror from their midst. The earlier it is attempted, the better. If ever the day dawns when Bolshevik Russia will have become one with Bolshevik Asia, as those in whose hands her destinies now lie are trying to bring about, then indeed that day will see "the earth tremble and the skies fall down."

ILLUMINATIONS AND MINIATURES

By CECILIA YOUNG

THERE are fragments of papyri that were entombed with kings, now treasured by museums, on which the early Egyptians had written tales for kings and queens, or had chronicled royal genealogies—scrolls written in black letters, outlined in vermillion with profile miniatures of men and women decorating the text.

There are in the Vatican library two different volumes of Virgil, both containing miniatures of figures from mythology, examples of early Greek art. The more ancient of the two is described by Sir M. D. Wyatt as a specimen of ancient illuminated art, in which the high-lights in the painting are finished with touches of gold which brings the work within the range of illumination defined in the mediaeval outline of the twelfth century, as "lighting up the page of a book with bright colors and burnished gold."

John W. Bradley, who has done considerable research among the museums and libraries of Europe, declares that the art of illumination is an art older than its name, and he instances an Egyptian papyrus, containing paintings of funeral ceremonies with the high-lights penciled in gold, as something very like illumination (manuscript in the Louvre). The work of Lala of Cyzicius, a woman artist, who, in the days of Augustus Caesar, painted miniatures for the great biographer Varro, Mr. Bradley contends were not illuminations, for "while miniatures may be executed with-

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out the use of gold or silver, illuminations may not." But there is the whole field of Celtic work—one entire branch, at least, which is illumination relying on beauty of color and design, without the use of gold—and this is pure illumination.

The Latin "minium" is the origin of the application of miniature; minium, or red paint, being applied by a person called miniator by the Romans. The miniator had nothing to do with the portraits or pictures, it seems, as he marked the initial letters or he painted in the titles, or outlined words to be accented in the text with his mixture of two pigments—sulphide of mercury—vermillion, and lead oxide—red lead.

There is a pointed allusion in Ovid to this color—"Go, little book, nor do I forbid—go without me into that city where, alas! I may enter never more . . . Nor shall whortleberries adorn thee with their crimson juice—that color is not suitable for lamentations. Nor shall thy title be marked with minium—."

However, it is in the Catacombs of Rome that the source of the art of illumination is to be discovered. For here began the great symbolism of Christian art—the foundation to which it still adheres.

The symbols of the shepherd, the fish, the loaves, the dove, the crude drawings, showing Baptism being administered, served as the outward sign of the sacrament, methods of administering the sacraments, instruction in dogma and in pious admonitions—as in the case of the orantes, or praying figures, marking the tombs and counselling prayers for the dead. These decorations, copied accurately from the walls and tombs of the Catacombs were the motifs and inspirations for the art of illumination.

As in the old law the Scriptures had been read in the service of the synagogue, it followed that during the Christian assemblies the Gospels were read, and as a rule the passages set apart for the greater festivals of the year were illuminated: for in the epistle of Timothy mention is made of vellum, and ancient writers refer to the colors of ornamentation. The primitive Christians used a Greek word to signify the newly baptized who were called "the illuminated;" and the word may be said to bear a twofold significance when it is defined in the twelfth century as the art of lighting up a page.

Saint Jerome advises the use of vellum "in case papyrus should fail," and the first use of the uncial hand in Scripture is mentioned in his preface to the Book of Job—"the titles in pure uncials." The decoration of the initial letter determines the school and the period of all illuminated art.

It is assumed that the art of illumination began in Ireland soon after the introduction of Christianity by Saint Patrick, who brought trained monks, equipped "to write and embellish the Gospels." From the time of Saint Gall, who came to the continent with twelve other Irish monks in the early seventh century, the Irish school influenced all western Europe and was the source of the Carolingian art. It was not until after Alcuin had come to the court of Charlemagne that a departure from the Celtic tendency was noticeable. The Irish schools and monasteries had sprung up all over Europe, Columbanus founded Bobbio in northern Italy; Cataldus, a monastery and scriptorium in the south of Italy; Fiachra and Fridolin had foundations in France; Coloman and Kilian in Germany and Bavaria.

Older than any of these schools was that of the monastery of Durrow. Here had been treasured a rare manuscript which a young Irish prince of distinguished ancestry had long pored over. His name was Columba of the clan O'Donnell; he embraced monastic life as Moville and later was ordained priest by Bishop Etchen of Clonfad. From Donegal, Saint Columba and twelve companions left Ireland sailing north to Iona.

The Book of Kells, that unique glory of penmanship, was written in his monastery on Iona, and it is the choicest relic of Irish art that has been preserved. Giraldus Cambresis, in the last quarter of the twelfth century, evidently saw it at Kildare—and it received its name from the Cathedral of Kells, in Meath, where it was treasured for a very long period of time, until 1541. In the seventeenth century, Archbishop Ussher presented it to Trinity College, and it is still considered, says Bradley—"The most amazing specimen of penmanship ever seen—at once the most ancient, the most perfect and the most precious example of Celtic art in existence."

The text is written in black, red, purple and yellow inks. No gold is used in the Book of Kells, which would seem an argument against those who contend that Celtic art had been influenced by the Byzantine school of illumination—later on gold is found in the Book of Landisfarne of the late seventh or early eighth century.

So geometrically perfect is the Book of Kells in its drawings, weavings and traceries that not a single irregular line or false mark has been found by those permitted to study the work under a microscope. No pattern or combination—and there are thousands—has been repeated. The colors are as glowing and fresh today as though they had been freshly applied. Foliage, fish, and animals make up the characteristic zoömorphic design. In Ireland of late years an effort has been made to preserve the Celtic tradition in illumination, and in Chicago, during the last ten years, the impulse for hand-illuminated work of the Celtic school has been formulated in the building of an Irish church with Irish windows and frescoes.

The architect's and the illuminator's art reflect and react on each other—in stained-glass windows of the Sainte Chapelle are seen again the radiant medallions of the Book of Hours of Louis IX; the frame border of pilaster and arch and gargoyle are found in the

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Psalteries, which were being illuminated while the cathedral of Notre Dame was being built . . . and the writing is in Gothic text.

A different school of illumination followed in the decorating of manuscripts with miniatures. Since the fifth century this kind of illuminating had flourished in eastern Europe, in the monasteries of Syria and Mesopotamia. Beautiful illuminations from the sixth century are still in existence in the works of Rossano and Sinope, survivals of the glorious Byzantine splendor introduced by Constantine.

In the Vatican library, a long roll of parchment eleven yards in length, contains the history of Josue, the parchment almost wholly covered with miniatures. The roll is typical of many of the liturgical manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries. There is another archaic roll called Exultet, from the first word in the hymn for the blessing of the Pascal candle: it is covered with painted pictures.

An illumination to be true must be hand-lettered, and it must be authentic as to period in every point. England and Florence and Venice are imitating, after a fashion, in printing, many of the beautiful designs and decorations of illuminated works, but the imitation lacks the fluidity, the softness of touch and the exquisite delicacy of original handwork.

JOHN GREGGINS—A DAY IN HIS LIFE

By PADRAIC COLUM

AT the break of day John Greggins turned out of his bed and went into the apartment that was kitchen and living-room. The ballad-singer to whom John had given a night's shelter was also out of his sleep. Sitting on the sack of chaff that had been his bed, he was raking away the ashes that covered the seed of the peat fire.

"Put down a few turf," said John, "and we'll have an early breakfast."

The singer put peat round the kindlings and blew them alight, while John poured water into the kettle, and hung it over the peat-sods.

"What sort of a night did you put in by this hearthstone?" asked John.

"Middling good," said the ballad-singer. Then he added thoughtfully—"You've a lone cricket here that I'd like to marry to a cricket that's in a house I know in the County Clare."

The singer was a low-sized fellow, round of limb and round of body. He was bare-footed and wisps of hair fell across his eyes that were restless, cunning and humorous.

Now Maurya, John's sister heard the stir and she came down to the living-room as the kettle was on the boil. A breakfast of bread and butter, tea and eggs was made ready for the people of the house and the guest of the night, and the ballad-singer ate without speaking, for outside his ballads he had only occasional words in Irish or English. When the meal was finished he put a ragged cap across his wisps of hair and went to the door.

"I must be shortening my road now, ma'am," said he, touching his cap to Maurya, "and I'm thankful for what you bestowed on me."

"Easy now," said John, "sure I'll be some of the way with you."

He put on his hat, took his stick in his hand, and went out with the ballad-singer. That was John Greggins's way; when the beggar, the ballad-singer, or the wandering musician left his house John would rise up and accompany them for miles on the road.

He lived in a place where the very crows were lonely. Perhaps you have no idea of the land where the stones have taken the place of trees and hedges, where the shadow of a bare mountain is always on an empty lake, and where the whole uneven country is under the muffled Connemara sky. John Greggins had no root in this place. The fertile years of his life were passed in the British army, and it was only since his retirement that he took up his abode with his sister. By a miracle of administration the state maintained its relations with him, and once in three months the post came to his house with an installment of his pension.

He came down the mountain path with a good stride; his fine impetuous head held high. The ballad-singer, his eyes fixed on the stretch of the road, kept beside him with a gait that recalled the trot of a dog.

"Lift up the music," said John.

The singer raised his head and began The County Mayo. The song was in Irish, and this is by way of being its equivalent—

Now coming on Spring the days will be growing—
And after Saint Bride's day my sail I will throw;
Since the thought has come to me I fain would be going
Till I stand in the middle of county Mayo!
The first of my days will be spent in Claremorris,
And in Balla down from it I'll have drinking and sport;
To Kiltimagh then I shall go on a visit,
And there, I can tell you, a month will be short.

John Greggins was waving a stick to the music when the pair came to the road. The ballad-singer went on with Raftery's renowned song—

I solemnly swear that the heart in me rises,
As the wind rises up and the mists break below;
When I think upon Carra and Gallen down from it,
The Bush of the Mile and the Plains of Mayo.

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"Have you any more of that song?" asked John.

"I have," said the singer.

"Well, wasn't I lucky to come across you! I never heard, at home or abroad, any more than you're after singing."

"There's a verse in it that has the name of every tree in Ireland, and there's another verse that has the name of every bird in Ireland, and there's another verse that has the name of every beast in Ireland."

"Raise it, raise it," said John.

The singer went on—

Killeadean's my village, and every good 's in it—
There's raspberries, blackberries, and all kinds of fruit,
And if Raftery stood in the midst of his people
Old age would go from him and he'd be in his youth!

Then the song ended. A hare had precipitated itself across the road ahead. The ballad-singer stopped.

"I'm going no further along the road," he said. "I'm going to see a smith this side of the country."

With that he crossed the ditch and went his roving way. The little fellow had scruples about crossing the track of a hare.

John Greggins stood in the middle of the road. The sunlight was no longer lost in the lake, and it was visibly steeping itself in the bog. In the spacious light wide-winged birds were making cleanly shapes. John Greggins went on, the wander-song lilting itself in his mind—

I solemnly swear that the heart in me rises,
As the wind rises up and the mists break below,
When I think upon Carra and Gallen down from it,
The Bush of the Mile and the Plains of Mayo.

It was after Saint Bride's day. Indeed it was towards the end of March. This very day he could draw his pension if he presented himself at Crossgar post office. And Crossgar was only fifteen miles ahead. John Greggins set off on his journey.

He went into many a house to redden his pipe and to talk with the people. His soul gave greeting to the big roan horses that were pulling the carts on the mountain road. At last he came to Molloy's, a notable house of refreshment, within an ass's gallop of the town of Crossgar.

John Greggins went in, placed himself beside the hostess and took his bread and butter and his glass. At the cross-counter there was an isolated individual who was making himself a feast of a tumbler of porter.

"It will be a good season for lambs," John Greggins announced.

The individual at the cross-counter peered round. He was a beggar, but he had an eleemosynary look never affected by the poor men of that part. He was blind by a dramatic convention.

"It won't be a good season for lambs," he said with a lift in his cringing voice. "It won't be a good season for lambs. The frost will come and the young lambs will die in the field."

John Greggins felt called upon to justify his optimism.

"I'm not depending upon lambs," he said. "I can go into the town of Crossgar and draw my little pension."

"And what have you the little pension from, may I ask?" said the beggar.

"I have my pension from the government," said John.

The beggar turned back to the counter and sipped the dregs of his glass. Meagre was the bag that hung across his back—a bag that could never stand upright—it was a true index to the spirit of the man. He spoke to Mrs. Molloy—

"This poor man won't hear the unlucky word from me," he said.

"And why should there be an unlucky word for the decent man?" Mrs. Molloy asked.

"Stocks are down, ma'am," said the beggar. "Sure you saw that yourself in the paper. The government are at great expense over a war, and it's doubtful if they'll keep up the pensions to men that left the army." He shuffled to the door but turned back to John. "I'm greatly afeard, my good man, that your pension days are over," he said. "Stocks are down."

He went out, and for John Greggins it was as if he had drawn a damp cloth across the sun and had shaken the drizzling rain out of his meagre bag.

"Who is that poor man?" asked John.

"He's a poor man, but he's a very knowledgeable man," said the widow. "There's some truth in what he said. I saw it in the paper today that stocks were down."

"I think I'll make haste to get to the letter-office. There's no harm in getting ahead of bad news," said John.

He covered the distance between Molloy's and the town in a hurried march. The place was emptied—evacuated, it seemed to John's mind. He called to a boy who was minding an ass and cart and asked to be directed to the letter-office.

"Is it the letter-office that you want?" the boy asked in return.

"Aye, the letter-office; I wasn't in this town for a term of years."

"It's the last house on the west side of the street," said the boy.

John Greggins crossed over to the left side and headed down the street. He turned to the last house, and was confronted by a man who had his elbows across the top of the half door. He presented a bald and massive head and had the appearance of a hunchback.

"Is this the letter-office?" John asked.

"The Academy of Correspondence and the Depôt of Polite Letter-Writing."

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"And has it anything to do with the payment of pensions?"

"The Academy does not fulfil the functions of a post-office," said the hunchback. He opened the door and came out to John. "The government post-office is in the street abrouting this," he said indicating the place. "Remember, too, the Academy of Correspondence; I am its chief—Dermott MacGillanaeve, and my caligraphic skill is at your disposal."

"I am beholden to you," said John, and without another word, gesture or turning, he made for the post office.

The scrutiny of his warrant gave John a few minutes anxiety. However, the money was tendered him, and the warrant was stamped and handed back.

"Now, ma'am," said John, "I want to ask you a question. Will I be able to draw another draft of this pension at the end of the next quarter?"

"Certainly," said the post-mistress, "or it will be delivered at your address."

"I heard the government was in some hobble about money, and I thought, maybe, they couldn't spare this. I'm obliged to them."

He stood still in the shop meditating how he might express his gratitude to the government. Then into his quickened mind came the thought of the Depôt of Polite Letter-Writing. He went across the street and found the scribe before his door.

"I want you to indite a letter for me," said John.

Dermott MacGillanaeve motioned him into his study.

"This will be a particular letter. I want you to write to the government headquarters."

"I'll be glad of an outline of your case," said Dermott MacGillanaeve.

"Well, it's like this," said John.

Thereupon he set forth his relation to the state, and elaborated his sense of obligation. To Dermott MacGillanaeve this was material for artistic composition. He sat before the table, grave lines upon his deep brow, and after great labor and long suspense he produced the following—

Most Honorable Sirs—An Epistle from the humble Hand of one who desires to express his obligation to your Magnanimity. The years of my service are amply compensated by the Recompense which your Bounty has bestowed and your benevolence, together with the paucity of my Vocabulary render an adequate expression of my gratitude impossible. To proceed without Prolixity. I return due thanks for this and former Favors, and with the deepest Veneration and submission, I subscribe myself—Yours to command,

John Greggins.

This was the composition which the scribe read to him. "It's powerful," said the client.

"My honorarium is one shilling and six pence," said Dermott MacGillanaeve.

"And more would not be begrudged you," said John Greggins, with firmness. "Fit an envelope for it now and address it to the Paymaster of the Imperial Army."

Dermott MacGillanaeve took up his pen and achieved an elaborately decorated superscription. He received the honorarium and conducted John out of the Academy of Correspondence. Like one in whom the inner flame has been lit, John Greggins trod the street.

It was as though an order had been presented to his soul conferring on it the pride of articulation. Into the blaze of the sunset he walked, and he stood on the bridge that knit the town to the width of the world. The mountains were illuminated, the river was richly flowing, and the bridge gave a beholder the pride of human handiwork.

There were idlers on the bridge; some grouped on the parapet and some playing pitch and toss in the middle. They seemed companions fit for John's exalted mood. Full of enthusiasm, he turned to them and said—

"I gaze upon this flowing stream and I acknowledge that never before or since have I beheld a scene of such surpassing magnificence."

The men who had been absorbed in the game straightened themselves up and regarded John Greggins.

"Behold the bridge," he proceeded, "think of them that raised it in the old ancient days in majesty and glory to be a pattern and a credit forever to posterity."

Then said one of the idlers—"This is a fellow out of Munster who thinks we are still studying our 'Reading-Made-Easy.' "

Then another said with palpable irony—"Wouldn't you stand all night with your bare feet in the snow to listen to him?"

The tossed coin fell at John's feet; a gamester came forward to pick it up, and he said as he stooped—"It's easy knowing that before this the fellow never saw anything but the inside walls of a workhouse."

His head was within tempting distance, and John gave it a knock with the short end of his stick. The mêlée that followed was conspicuous to the police. To relieve the tedium of the evening they sallied forth, and the one who was not aware of the way of escape fell into their hands.

"We'll put this down as a case of incitement," said the sergeant.

"You may do that" said the junior constable, "for I saw him addressing the crowd and making very fierce gestures."

Then and there they decided to give John the cell for the night.

In the forenoon of the next day John Greggins took the way homeward. Silence was upon him like unto the silence beyond the trees and hedges, and the land of stones and shadows, where the very crows are lonesome.

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COMMUNICATIONS

WOODROW WILSON'S TRIBUTE

Saint Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor:—In a recent number of The Commonweal, Mr. Denis A. McCarthy very justly took exception to some paragraphs inserted into the Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson, by its editors. The particularly disparaging remarks of Mr. Wilson about the Catholic Church were written when the President was only twenty-four years old and a student in the University of Virginia. The occasion was when reading a paper on the question, "Is the Roman Catholic Element in the United States a Menace to American Institutions?"

Mr. McCarthy stated that he remembered Mr. Wilson made contrary statements later in life. I thought for the sake of those who might read the disparaging ones and might not have seen the others, I would give the passage in full where Mr. Wilson paid a splendid tribute to the Catholic Church later in his life, when he was campaigning the country for the presidential election of 1912. It is as follows:—

"There is one illustration of the value of the constant renewal of society from the bottom that has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the middle-ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed was that so many of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church—from that great religious body which was the only church, that body which we now distinguish from other religious bodies as the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was then, as it is now, a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become Pope of Christendom; and every chancellery in Europe, every court in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men—the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept government alive in the middle-ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the priesthood. That, it seems to me, is one of the most interesting and convincing illustrations that could possibly be adduced of the thing that I am talking about."—(The New Freedom, by Woodrow Wilson, Doubleday, Page and Company.)

So you see when Mr. Woodrow Wilson got a little more sense and intelligence he was no mean mediaevalist. Certainly Wilson did not think in 1912, as he did when twenty-four years old, that the Catholic element in the United States was a menace to American institutions, that Church which he said was "in the middle-ages and now a great democracy."

J. C. HARRINGTON.

THE STAGE AND SEX

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As one of many members of the Brooklyn Institute who may be said to have sat under Dr. Tucker and profited greatly by his lectures on current drama, I would respectfully question, or at least seek to qualify the assertion made in his last lecture, that "there are many worse things than the immorality of sex." It is, as Dr. Tucker said, to be deplored that there are plays which, while free from "the immorality of sex" exploit, what is shifty and dishonorable in the social and business relations of life. I recall one such play which made a palpable bid for the support of religiously-inclined people and yet in which the most attractive character was that of a generously minded but notorious gambler, whose final and much applauded exit was made with the announcement that he was off to San Francisco to establish there two gambling hells.

For all this I deprecate that intolerant, not to say arrogant, intellectualism which would bar out as mere "hokum" and "bunk" a whole series of plays which, indeed, may set before us what is ideal rather than what is actual, but which are essentially sound and true in so far as they inspire us to believe that there are ideals which can be made actual in this human life of ours. As to "immorality of sex," is it not a sound instinct which puts up as a storm signal that species of immorality as the most dangerous of all influences in literature and the drama? The verdict upon a play which purports to deal with sex from "a sincere standpoint" will, of course, depend upon the viewpoint of the individual theatre-goer. There will be those who, if they concede the sincerity of a play, will still find it unwholesome and repugnant to their own sense of what is fitting for stage presentation. And I trust such people need not be reproached as being either prudish or puritanical.

ALFRED YOUNG.

MEETING NON-CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—To some Catholics the controversy (for it is nothing else) initiated in the pages of the March Forum seems to be set up squarely and definitely on a false basis: that of the Catholic Church as a great and powerful administrative machine.

This aspect of the Church was emphasized in March and to it was addressed the reply in April, as to a menace to American institutions. The writer submits that:

It is the duty of laymen who have the necessary knowledge and ability, to refute misstatements and calumnies arising out of honest ignorance or out of prejudice and malice.

It is also the duty of qualified laymen to explain by plain statement of fact the teaching and belief of the body of the Church when that is necessary.

It is not the duty of laymen to provoke controversy particularly when it is plain in advance that no light but rather heat will be engendered.

The writer believes that the administrative machinery of the Church is precisely the one thing that Protestants cannot swallow. If they could, they would be Catholics.

It is only when they understand the machinery of the Church, and place it in its proper relation to the essential facts, that they can enter our communion as converts with their minds at rest.

The writer believes that it is highly laudable and necessary to endeavor to meet non-Catholic thought on whatever common ground may be possible in religious matters. It is essential in so doing to stand firmly upon principle.

The writer looks upon the columns of The Commonweal as a Catholic forum—as an eminently fitting place for Catholic laymen to express their views, and in which to elicit prompt and clear correction if those views are unsound.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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POEMS

The Winning Side

He also was a liegeman of the Lord,
  Not in that great arena roofed with stars
Where brute endurance is its own reward
  And glory is a catalogue of scars,
But on a secret battlefield apart
  Armied by powers invisible who lay
No calculable steel against the heart,
  Yet march forever, and forever slay.

If dead men walk, he well may join the host
  Unchallenged by Achilles, being no
Less vulnerable than the elder ghost
  Who had to reckon with a craftier foe.
Call him a liegeman of the Lord, who died
Too soon, perhaps, but on the winning side.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Why Should I Weep?

Why should I weep, remembering that late spring,
  We gathered cherry blossoms by the gate?
For though love came and went, a little thing,
  One rounded day was ours to contemplate,
And will be, always, though we walk apart,
  Whistling our brave and two quite separate tunes
Against the hurt of April's antique art,
  And the persistent peril of old Junes.

And yet the smell of cherrybloom today
  Stops my quick laugh and strips me of my joy—
For how can even fickle lips be gay,
  Besieged by memories of a brown-haired boy?
And why should time that blots out everything
Of consequence, preserve a byegone spring?

VIRGINIA MOORE.

Sculptor, If You Have Marble

Sculptor, if you have marble
Sheer as lily flesh yet bright
As a gleam of chrysolite,
If your marble has the glow,
The pale radiance of moon snow—
Sculptor, if you have such marble . . .

Builder, if you have metal,
Pollen gold or wind-blue steel
That can twist a fragile wheel,
Lift as lightly as a sigh,
Swift as an exultant cry—
Builder, if you have such metal . . .

Sculptor, builder, can you twirl
Shadows colored as the sun
On a veil the dusk has spun?
Can you forge a dancer's wings?
Eyes as deep as viol strings—
Rhythm such as April starlings whirl!

POWER DALTON.

Evolution

The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now . . . waiting for the adoption.

Audacious hope amid the pristine slime
Cried to the dense inane, and life arose
Where no life was. Unwitting of the throes
Prepared, the weak adventurer of the prime,
Mysteriously impelled, began his climb
Up from his birthplace in the ocean's ooze,
To stagger step by step o'er mounting throes,
And so perfect the processes of time.

What vague disquiet pricked that tiny brain!
What visions fired its blindness in the dark!
What yearning premonitions through it ran!
What groaning growth! What groping in its pain,
Till God, to Whom it struggled, blew the spark
Ablaze, and in His image fashioned man!

We are now the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

Now are become articulate in him
Dumb beastial longings and the laboring sea,
Convulsive earthquakes and the melody
Of tremulous birdsong. He reveals their dim
Passion and is its voice. Towards the rim
Of faint horizons he sails tempestuously,
Where breaks the Unutterable Mystery—
The snail flies flaming to the seraphim!

Laughter is his at last, and spiritual love.
He contemplates, worships; and his tears
Gush from his happiness at starry night.
His proud ambitions never cease to rove
In search of peace. He trembles as he nears
The kiss of God, the beatific light.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Birches at Night

These trees, ecstatic in the day,
  Are now thin, brittle prison bars,
That rise, blue-drawn and hard, to stay
  Our plunder of the stars.

These fragile branches sang in breeze,
  Held conversation with the rain;
But now they load the anxious trees
  With burdens dark like pain.

These leaves once shimmered in the light
  Or drooped with diamonds, thick and wet;
But even they are hushed with fright
  And fear the dark's low threat.

Even this little wondering wood
  Too suddenly has grown aware
Of evil. Sternness is a hood
  That hides its young despair.

MORTON ZABEL.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Servant in the House

SOMETIMES it is curiously difficult to say whether play or players should bear the brunt of criticism for an inadequate afternoon in the theatre. So many elements, including direction, enter into a finished performance that it seems to smack of hasty judgment to pronounce the play good and the acting bad, particularly in the revival of such a play as The Servant in the House, which once achieved considerable popularity (seventeen years ago, to be exact) and which must now cross swords with a greatly altered public interest. Yet the prevailing opinion of New York's leading critics allows a generous measure of life and vitality to Charles Rann Kennedy's allegory, and vents its dissatisfaction on the cast and the direction. On the whole, I am inclined to disagree with this estimate.

One can hardly expect every production of the Actors' Theatre to achieve the rare brilliance and fire of The Wild Duck or of Candida. Both were masterpieces, in which the unfettered hands of Dudley Digges shaped all the human material to a splendidly unified result. Mr. Digges is the kind of director who needs to be given full authority to obtain the most pleasing results. Not that he does not welcome advice and collaboration. The story runs that Miss Eames's name was not on the program of The Wild Duck by courtesy alone as co-director, and that her clear judgment and keen power of analysis played a large part in rounding it out. Collaboration of that sort Mr. Digges seems to absorb with gusto. But the complete control of the author himself, to the exclusion even of Mr. Digges's name on the program, is a different matter. It blurs the usual sharpness of a typical Digges production and leaves it rather muddled and soft. The play as now presented drags in many spots, moves too swiftly in others and occasionally comes almost to a halt. I am inclined to think, therefore, that more blame attaches to the direction than to the players themselves for a regrettable lack of distinction.

Then, too, there is the play itself. It is, as many constant theatre-goers will remember, one of those plays cast in the same mould with The Passing of the Third Floor Back—more of an allegory than a play, if you will, in which the usual clash of personalities is modified by the presence in the house of a mysterious stranger typifying more or less distinctly the spirit of Christ. In this case, the scene is in an English parsonage dominated, up to the opening of the action, by the ambitions and the worldly mind of the vicar's wife. Hers are not personal ambitions—at least not directly personal—but vent themselves in a blind devotion to her husband and his advancement. Instead of bring forth his spiritual qualities, she has carefully cultivated his worldly side, his scholarship, his eloquence, his personal power over men. She has estranged him from his brother, a humble working man, as part of her scheme, and to fill their lives the better on the human side, she has adopted this same brother's little daughter, Mary.

The details of the plot are unimportant. The main theme turns on the coming of Manson into this atmosphere. Manson appears as an oriental butler. Various persons in the household, according to their degree of childlike simplicity, slowly discover his mystical power, Mary the daughter, first, then the disowned brother, then the vicar and last of all the vicar's wife. As the action progresses, Manson becomes less and less a vague symbol and more and more a real portrayal of Christ, until at last he becomes unquestioned master of the house.

Now a theme of this sort demands inspired handling to escape from the snare of thin sentimentalism. And Mr. Kennedy's handling is certainly not inspired. At times it achieves a certain dignity and poetry, but for the most part it is forced and overconscious. It lacks the terrific sincerity demanded to lend reality and a sense of truth. One feels the effort to carry out a special thesis or belief of the author. To cite an instance, there is the utterly incongruous line in which Manson claims to have a sense of humor. I have no doubt that Mr. Kennedy thinks this an admirable touch. But there is nothing in the context to bear it out. Manson is, very properly, a character of great understanding, but he shows no sign whatever of humor in the modern acceptance of that word. He is rather a character of burning sincerity, to whom nothing is indifferent. The author's conscious effort herein belies his unconscious inspiration or purpose, to the detriment of the play's integrity.

Then Mr. Kennedy is also suffering most obviously from a rather confused notion of religion itself, in so far as prayer is the core of religious life. He puts into the mouth of Manson some utterly absurd lines about "wishing"—as if the egotistic desires of the heart were in any way comparable to the petitions of prayer with their implied or explicit submission to the Divine Will. "Everything comes true," he says, "if you wish hard enough." This is the kind of sugared gruel that would soon turn all religious aspiration into a sort of Peter Pan allegory. It has in it none of the stern beauty of sacrifice nor any of the burning will to submit to a higher Will through love. One might wish for many frivolous things; one would hardly dare to pray for them, and surely not without that superb climax to all prayer—"Thy Will be done."

These points are worth insisting on, not because of their theological value (for we are discussing the play as good drama and not as sound theology) but because of their lack of correspondence to everyday human experience. It is this unreality which deprives the play of dramatic force. These points are ones which Mr. Kennedy makes central in his dramatic theme, and the result is much as if one were to try to erect a castle out of plaster of Paris. What appeal the play has to human interest is in spite of, and not because of, this central doctrine of the "wish." There is a great deal of good and biting satire of the worldly clergy, of the worldly motives behind men's lives, and of the un-Christianity of many professed Christians. It is a play that boldly calls the modern Pharisees hypocrites and blind men. Seventeen years ago, before men's minds had been purged by world conflict, such a theme was bolder still, and to many a self-revelation. Today it is almost a commonplace of men's consciousness. With this prop removed, the positive theme of what constitutes a spiritual life is all that remains. And here we find only the watered concept of "the wish."

This leaves the acting. Undoubtedly this play demands a most exceptional balance of cast in order to hold its grip on reality and human interest. In this instance, both the vicar

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and his wife were miscast. Both were theatrical to a point where their lines sounded thin and their supposed emotions became unimportant. But the play came back to grips with a jerk every time little Helen Chandler, as Mary, was on stage. This very young actress, whose Hedvig gives the entire key note to The Wild Duck, has a veritable genius for simplicity and directness. She never has an unreal or theatrical moment, and with this gift for sincerity she has a lovely and poignant voice. She is without doubt the find of the season. George Hassell, in spite of a melodramatic make-up, gives an impressive performance as the drain man—the vicar's despised brother. Pedro de Cordoba's Manson is an odd mixture. His diction and delivery are at times too conscious and at others too gentlemanly. He does not seem to take hold of his part and lift it up. He is, at all times, too much within it. Yet his Manson has moments of surpassing dignity and spiritual beauty, and there is no question of his thorough understanding of every line. One feels that with an inspiring director and a better ensemble in the cast, he could have made it a great part. His shortcomings are those of excessive restraint, and by no means of mediocrity.

Congreve in the Empire Jones

AT LAST the long-planned revival of Congreve at the Provincetown (Greenwich Village) Theatre has come—and now one can only ask an amazed "why?" The acting is mediocre, the direction (pace, R. E. Jones) sloppy, and the play itself dull and pointless. Its much over-advertised "smut" is simply coarse without being witty. The only funny thing is the audience it attracts—a nondescript group trying to cover its disappointment over a dreary evening by straining to catch the double meaning of jokes 300 years old. The cloak and suit trade was adequately represented. On the Fifth Avenue bus, returning, I heard it asking—"Vat vas it all about?" Perhaps someone knows.

When Choosing Your Plays

Candida—Splendid acting.
Cape Smoke—A well-acted melodrama of the African Veldt.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
Love for Love—Reviewed above.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Quarantine—An unwholesome comedy.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
The Blue Peter—Only moderately interesting.
The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Servant in the House—Reviewed above.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

Industrial Society in England Towards the End of the Eighteenth Century, by Witt Bowden. New York: Macmillan Company. $3.50.

TWO or three years ago Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, in his own homely and paradoxical fashion, compared modern society to a vast army on the march, a considerable proportion of which is beginning to feel that, at some point in its progress, a wrong turn was taken, while another section (which happens to control commisariat and pay-chest) is convinced and is trying to convince the laggards, that salvation lies in a resolute continuance of the route. In writing Industrial Society towards the End of the Eighteenth Century, Mr. Witt Bowden of Pennsylvania University, has wisely chosen to survey the industrial system at its inception, before it had come to be invested with its present character of inevitability and at a time when alternative solutions, which now appear utopian, were still within sight.

The system, he succeeds pretty thoroughly in proving, did not arise in response to any general human need, nor did it wait to come into being until the metallurgical age had drawn the world together in bonds of steel. It was the reaction of a comparatively small number of shrewd and inventive minds, alive to the commercial opportunities suddenly presented at the close of the Seven Years' War by British naval supremacy and the growth of the British empire. Enlightened political economy was beyond the range of their narrow and intensely practical minds. The whole force of an imperial government, eager for trade and territory, was behind them, and within their reach was an unlimited reservoir of cheap labor which the gradual expropriation of the English peasant had been banking up ever since the Reformation. In what is really the core of his argument, Mr. Bowden presents the choice that lay before the great manufacturers at the beginning of the industrial era so vividly that only a rather lengthy quotation can do it justice:—

"It is apparent that by means of the intervention of mechanical power and improved technique, a given unit of human energy could either be made to produce the same amount of commodities and services in a fraction of the former time, thus releasing human energy for non-economic activities, or, the given unit of human energy could be kept in action long enough to produce, by the aid of technical improvements, a larger quantity of commodities and services." And even though the baser alternative was chosen, even though "compulsory drafts came to be made upon the users of the new instruments of production in many cases even greater than upon the energies of the older workers . . . it might naturally be assumed that a society which found itself possessed of such vastly increased productive power . . . would devise a system for the distribution of labor by which no individual, least of all the immature and dependent child, would find it necessary to exhaust his entire store of energy in economic productivity. But in this respect also the possibilities of improved methods of production were not utilized. Frail women, feeble men, dependent children of tender age, toiled machine-like, manipulating machines, more than all the day hours of each week, while others lived idly and luxuriously, and others lived meagerly by means of charity because of lack of opportunity for work. . . ."

This is written, be it remembered, of the decade before 1790. We are ten years from the French Revolution, forty years from Stephenson's "Rocket" and Fulton's steamboat, and an era of white serfdom is already inaugurated, differing only in degree from the slave labor of the Antilles, where passing ships steered

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their course from the glare of furnaces round which sweating Kroomen crushed cane and boiled sugar through the tropic night. Steam will speed the process and swell the ranks of the proletariat army. But what military men call its "cadres" are already well defined.

At this crisis in his fate, when the great change is hardening which is to part England from the society of European nations as the one community industralized to its marrow—the land of landless men, everything and every one seems to have failed the man of the people. The government was against him. "It was Pitt himself aided largely by the philanthropist Wilberforce who, instead of removing existing restrictions as in the case of employers, set about the new forging of governmental fetters for the workers in the form of the Combination Acts of 1799 and 1800." The rural landlords, direct descendants of a class that had fattened on ruined convents and priories, were against him. They seem to have deliberately adopted an attitude that would drive him from the soil and into the fever-haunted slums of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Arthur Young, so pitiful for the wrongs of the French peasant, thought the wages of his English brother should be kept "as low as possible," Sir John Sinclair, president of the Board of Agriculture, welcomed the enclosures that would drive him into towns where he would be more profitably employed than "idling away his time" in the country. In Herefordshire a system of piece-work is recommended, to make the peasant laborer toil "earlier, faster and later." One pound of bacon is the weekly meat ration permitted by a Welsh clerical economist for a family of man, wife and five children. "The pot liquor makes a mess for the children." In turf hovels of Sutherland "an iron pot, for boiling their food, constitutes their principal furniture." Quite generally "to refuse to toil from dawn to dark for a subsistence partly in the form of charity was insubordination in the eyes of the landed potentates, and an intolerable menace to law and order."

Worst of all, his pastors and spiritual leaders not only are no help to him, but consecrate his servitude with unctuous phrases. The most shocking passages in Mr. Bowden's book concern the attitude of the higher Anglican clergy towards the poor. In the late eighteenth century Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester thinks the wool trade will be best helped by breeding "such a generation of men, women and children as shall be obliged by their station in life to be clad in such garments as are made out of coarse wool." The Society for Bettering the Poor recommends the farming out of orphans because "half-naked and indifferently fed" they will make "hardier and better laborers than those in parish work-houses." The cleric whose dietary for a family of seven has already been quoted would refuse relief on account of any unemployed child over nine, and features a girl baby of five who can "spin adroitly."

The general employment of the poor "from four to fourscore" is the ideal. In favor of Sunday schools it is urged that they tend to make the poor "more tractable and obedient." "The one significant movement for popular education" says Mr. Bowden "probably contributed more to the continued subjection of the workers than to their emancipation."

About 1785 the exodus from country to town is at its height. It is at once a driving out and a sucking in. "From the expropriated farms and commons of cottagers and yeomen, from the shops and homes of petty manufacturers finding economic independence and often even subsistence no longer possible, from the hovels of the Scotch Highlands, the mountains of Wales and the undulating fruitful plains of Ireland—all roads lead to the mill valleys, cities, factories and mines." Agricultural migrations are caught up, canalised and immured. Crazy lofts and cow-barns are packed with the new machinery. For the shrewd middle-class it is an "orgy" of profit making. Overcrowding follows inevitably. The single room for worker, wife and children, often a cellar, is the rule. "In such a room" reports a doctor in 1796 "I have seen the sick . . . lying on rags. They can seldom afford straw." "Consumption, distortion and idiocy" are common. Typhus, that disease of poverty, scourges Manchester, Bury Rochdale and Oldham year after year.

"From these brutalizing conditions no genuine relief was obtainable. The inevitable result was resort to spurious relief in forms of pleasure themselves more brutalizing— drunkenness and sexual excesses, giving rise to successive generations of workers, each more numerous and more deeply submerged in poverty and degradation than its predecessor." The proletarianization of the English poor, which will continue until, in the phrase of Mr. C. F. Masterman, congenital poverty has attained the hopeless character of a malignant growth, is well under way before the nineteenth century has dawned.

In other chapters of his luminous and rigidly documented study Mr. Bowden has told the story of the great change as probably most people will prefer it should be told—the phenomenal growth in material wealth—the march of inventive genius from one labor-saving device to another. It is not his fault, but the fault of the great crime whose peripatetics he recounts so temperately but so thoroughly, leaving eloquence to the facts themselves, if the darker chapters overshadow the brighter, and if, at the end, the failure is more apparent than the triumph.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Theory of Good and Evil, by Hastings Rashdall. Oxford University Press. $6.00.

THE first edition remains almost entirely unchanged. We are told that the author before his death, was satisfied to leave it as a finished work. His estimate was from many points of view justified. There is no other work on ethics like it and for those who agree with him in the main (and there will be many), there will be no need of a similar work for a long time. The book is intended as a text book for university undergraduates and the general reader who is interested in ethics. Marvelous to say, it is throughout intelligible to such readers. All the jargon of idealism is cast aside. All the problems of ethics are presented, along with the unbiased treatment of the solutions of other schools, in a clear and simple manner. Yet there is nothing superficial in it. He goes to the very roots of things. His outlook is sane and sensible and, joined to the wonderfully charming style, will win many to his views. The whole of the two big volumes displays earnestness, honesty and great ability.

It is too bad, when so much can be said in favor of a book and the ability of the author, that it is necessary to condemn it in vital points. The domain and limitations of ethics as chosen by modern science have been accepted without a protest. In this Rashdall has but followed in the beaten track of ethical thinkers. And it is not true of modern science alone. The same attitude was held in the ancient world. Plato took his position on the same ground as Professor Rashdall and it would hardly be going too far to say that his whole life work was an attempt to answer along scientific lines and without reference to a future life or to rewards and punishments the question: why should I be moral? In the second book of the Republic the problem is stated in all its nakedness as well as it has ever been presented since. Plato failed. He speaks as if he thought he had succeeded but he seems to have somehow felt the inadequacy of his

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results, for both in the Republic and Gorgias he adds an after life with Purgatory, Heaven and Hell. He failed as everyone since has failed and Rashdall has failed utterly to answer that question. Until that question is given a satisfactory answer, it is useless to proceed further in ethics. It is not the content of ethical laws that cause the difficulty. It is the motives of morality. We hear a great deal nowadays of the crying need of teaching ethics in the schools. Children should be taught right and wrong. It is not ignorance of what is right and what is wrong that is the trouble. It is the need of a motive strong enough to win men to adhere to the known moral law. That motive cannot be given to children until the thinkers of the world have fastened upon it.

There is no difficulty in accepting the requirements of science in the study of ethics. We can, however, claim to be as untrammelled as science in other departments. As an ethician my main work is to find an answer to the question: why should I be moral? What right have other scientists to come to me and say, "my friend, we wish you well. We will be glad to see you succeed. But don't forget, your answer must not be immortality. We will not accept that." Surely we can answer in the words of Socrates, "if that answer be the true answer to the question, am I falsely to give some other which is not the right one?" Allow us as students of ethics the same freedom as is enjoyed by scientists in other departments and we can give an answer to the question as scientific as the proof of the movement of the earth around the sun. Where there exists an immense, almost infinite mass of phenomena with only one conceivable rational explanation and that a simple one, the simplest imaginable, and at the same time one that any rational creature would admit explains perfectly all the phenomena, that explanation is the scientific answer.

A future life is such an answer to the first question of ethics. We have as phenomena billions and billions of men now and in the past, even the worst of them, in most of the actions of life, without thought of rewards and punishments, living moral lives. It is not to the point to say that many or most of them do not act from a conscious motive of a future life. They do act morally. Our question is: is it rational to do so? Men are endowed with a natural urge towards the good. What is the ground or cause which makes this rational and not irrational? It is the fact of an after life. As a matter of fact ethnologists tell us that all peoples, almost without exception have found life after death a necessity for morality. I think no one will deny that if there is a life after death, that is a full and complete reason for a moral life. And no other can be found. There is no disputing this. Men agree fairly well on the content of morality. The widest divergence exists as to the motive. Considering the nature of the task, the number of men engaged in it, their ability and the centuries spent on it, we are justified in concluding that no other answer is likely to be found.

Rashdall has added nothing new. In doing good actions we are creating spiritual values, he says, and this is a sufficient motive. It is not. As a matter of fact he brings in God and immortality but later on announces in triumph that the theological postulates are only necessary in certain cases of suicide. If the terms theological and scientific are mutually exclusive then in ethics I claim that God and a future life are not theological but scientific. If the term postulate is meant in a sense that is applicable to many of the findings of science, I see no objection to its use, if, e.g. the rotundity of the earth is a postulate. If I can save my life by telling a lie or committing some other sin, when I can do so without anyone else knowing it, why shouldn't I do so? I rest my case on this instance. If there is no morality here, there is no morality anywhere. It is no reasonable answer to tell me that I am creating values. Why should I create values? They make the world better. Yes, but I shall be dead. I know this line of argument is unfashionable. It is unanswerable. Perhaps it is because I ought to act morally. Why? Oh! just because I *ought*. In other words morality has no reasons. It is irrational. Man demands a reason and in spite of his natural love for a good, if ethical thinkers continue to feed him on irrational motives for conduct, in time his innate logic will adjust itself and his conduct will follow his reason.

The weakest chapter in the book, and yet in some respects the ablest, is the chapter on free will. The author falls into the very error for which he reproves both extreme determinists and extreme indeterminists. He accuses his opponents of understanding what he calls self-determinism as a doctrine which teaches that man's actions are entirely necessitated by factors outside of him. I am sure no one ever believed that. He then satisfies himself that as man's every action—and he should have added, every thought and feeling—is inexorably necessitated by external influences plus the original nature with which he was endowed at birth, he has established a difference between his self-determinism and fatalism. It is not fair to expect too much on the thorny question of free will. I only protest that Rashdall's self-determinism is fatalism. The statement also is made that not even the most extreme libertarians claim the existence of unmotived acts. When a man picks one match out of a full box, no one can find a motive for the choice and no one could ever imagine that there is a motive unless he starts out a priori by denying the possibility of unmotived acts. Our lives are filled with such acts.

Space does not permit more than naming other points of disagreement such as; the finitude of God, Hell, retributive punishment, casuality, the consistence of agnosticism.

H. CARR.

Soundings, by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

SNATCHING from the world around him or from the high places of his imagination—which amounts to practically the same thing—a young girl, a splendid old father, another woman and two or three men of varying type, and adding to these a slice of rural England and a faint suspicion of the continent as background, Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs, youngest of a distinguished writing family, has put them in a book and made a first-rate job of it. It was not altogether unexpected that he should make a first-rate job of it, as already he had an eminent novel, Gunfodder, to his credit. It was even more to his credit that Gunfodder held out a promise of richer things, and in Soundings these bright pledges have been partially realized. His more mature and better known brothers have no reason to be ashamed of the youngest.

Soundings cannot be called, by any legitimate stretching of the imagination, a finished piece of literature. While it tells an interesting story in a manner fascinating at times, and is written according to the finest traditions of English prose, it lacks something of artistic poise and literary suavity, and displays occasional flaws in (much-abused word!) technique. But there is a steady flame of real life and its accompaniment of warmth and color and insight, and even a rare flash or two of deep and penetrating beauty.

It is the story of a young girl's life, what she tried to do with it, what she did do with it, and what other people did

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with it—which is, more or less, the summary of a great many novels. Nancy Hawthorne is the blithesome daughter of a singularly sane artist, and inherits from him the ability to look facts and fancies in the face and to make brave stabs at truth, sometimes well-directed, sometimes ill. In the main, she succeeds, but not before life and Mr. Gibbs have beleagered her with all manner of trying circumstances in the form of two Oxford "blues," an accident rendering her father a half-helpless paralytic, the war, and a great legion of honest, disturbing doubts from within. She meets each succeeding problem with characteristic courage and womanly wisdom, and while the tale of her crisis-beset life is not too logical, it is sincere and almost convincing.

Nancy begins by being eighteen, healthy and immeasurably satisfied with the delightful comradeship of an understanding parent and an untrammelled existence. A spiritual bump upsets the even tranquility of everything, and her discerning father packs her off to Europe and a year of observation. Paris and fate shove her into the lives of an American girl, her brother and the brother's Oxford chum. A climactic experience with Bob Whittaker, the chum, with whom she falls in love and by whom she is discarded, gives rise to a readjustment in the shape of more serious work with her painting and the consequent success of it.

All this time, three or four years, Lloyd, the American lad, makes persistent avowals of love and equally persistent proposals of marriage. But it comes to naught as she cannot regard him in such a light, and meets him with equally persistent refusals. Comes the war, and Bob once more; and Nancy falls in love all over again, prodded from within by maternal instinct which has always dominated her. From here the story moves on to a rapid culmination—marriage, motherhood and a certain establishment of happiness with, however, a vague sense of foreboding lurking around the corner.

It is evident towards the end that the story lessens in effectiveness and surety. The war is dragged in quite uneccessarily to provide a denouement that might have been achieved by more perceptible and explainable and less artificial media.

Mr. Gibbs, being comparatively young, is prone to be comparatively cynical, yet his cynicism does not descend to bitterness. By the time he has written three more novels he will have mellowed considerably, and consequently will be infinitely more amusing. Now he is frightfully serious in his cynicism and sometimes stupidly dead-in-earnest and all-solving. Very few moments of real humor lighten up his narrative. But he is also, as a correlative, very honest and careful, and that means he is starting out with uncommon tools. At least he has shown that, unlike so many other young writers of today, his talent is not limited to autobiography; he has not repeated himself. Mr. Gibbs is to be commended for writing a story, which, while it does not reach dizzy heights, at the same time does not sink into slovenliness or sensationalism, and is a clean, honest and meritorious effort.

WILLIAM BERRY.

Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance, by Ford Madox Ford. (Hueffer) Boston: Little, Brown and Company $2.50.

THIS recollection, by the collaborator of Joseph Conrad, is provocative. Already Mr. Ford has been accused of reprehensible taste in intimating that Conrad's literary indebtedness to him is considerable. Already Conrad has been accused of having sucked Ford as dry as one sucks an orange.

Incidentally, both writers seem to have done well, regardless of this detriment to each other. But in spite of such futile controversy, this book will be valued by readers of Conrad, because in it he lives, works and suffers.

Conrad considered himself an analytical impressionist. It is only suitable and fitting that should be depicted in his chosen genre.

An interesting example is revealed in this account of a meeting of the collaborators—

"Once the writer [Ford] in one of his more gorgeous frames of mind, was standing outside his bank, wearing a dazzling huit-reflects, a long-tailed morning coat, beautiful trousers and spats, a very high collar that was like enamel, a black satin stock, and dangling a clouded cane... Just like that. Bored stiff! Thinking nothing at all he gazed down Pall Mall... There approached him an old, shrunken, wizened man, in an unbrushed bowler, an ancient, bursting, seamed overcoat, one wrist wrapped in flannel, the other hand helping him to lean on a hazel walking stick, cut from a hedge and prepared at home. It had in one tortured eye a round piece of dirty window glass. It said—'Ford.' 'How dare! (the writer said to himself) 'this atrocious old usurer—' For naturally, no one but a money-lender would have dared approach in such a get-up . . .

"But within three minutes, as he stood and talked, the bowler hat was jetty black, the overcoat just come from Poole's, the beard torpedo-shaped, black and defiant, the confident accents dusky and caressing; the monocle sparkled like cut crystal, the eyes glowed. And, almost more wonderful, Pall Mall became alive as we went towards the Badegs; it became alive as towns of the true belief awaken in the presence of the Prince of True Believers, come to saunter through his slave market... That, too, was Romance."

Here we have the epitome of impressionistic treatment, a high spot in this graphic narrative, that mirrors the magnetism of Conrad. And also a significant example of the validity of this method.

The book is chiefly concerned with Conrad, the writer. Later works may contain important detail of his early life, at sea, and with his family. This is the account of an artist and his struggle for expression; rendered by his collaborator who saw him strive to "squeeze the last drop out of a subject."

A man stands forth—not a public idol. Mr. Ford cites incidents and examples as to how it is done. For much of the book is devoted to an informal, but intimate, discussion of Conrad's ideas of style, structure, and technical methods, most of which is derived from Flaubert.

Decidely this unusual book justifies its method: it has vitality. As we read, we, too, come alive in the presence of the Prince of True Believers.

L. D. HOWLAND.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Sagas of the Sea, by Archibald MacMechan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $0.60.

IN The Sagas of the Sea, Mr. MacMechan has collected a series of chapters from various old sources like the Halifax newspapers and the records of the Navy Department in Washington, to illustrate the perilous life of the seamen of Nova Scotia. "Three of them," he tells us, "have their origin in old wars, revealing the chances of military service and some aspects of privateering. They are all true, as may be ascertained by a study of the sources from which the narratives have been extracted." The exciting and perilous adventures of Ensign Samuel Prenties carrying war dispatches from General Haldimand, the British commandant at Quebec, to Sir Henry Clinton, in charge of the British forces at New York, on board the leaking brigantine St. Lawrence, are certainly lively enough for the wildest imagination to entertain. Death, the peril of shipwreck on the rocks, with a leaking hulk and incompetent captain and crew, were combined with frightful cold, starvation and the hostile pursuit of the fleet of the young United States. There is also a good story of the mutiny off Halifax in the Three Sisters in July, 1809, where the captain, wounded and staggering over the bodies of his faithful sailors, threw the hatch overboard and plunged after it into the sea.

Tristan, by Armando Palacio Valdés. Translated by Jane B. Reid. Boston: Four Seas Company. $2.50.

AMONG Spanish novelists of recent years there looms large the name of Armando Palacio Valdés. His admirers at home have included the playwright, Jacinto Benevente, and the conspicuous Blasco Ibañez, so that Palacio Valdés has been compared to Pérez Galdos and attributed a popularity in Spain that is difficult for a foreign reader to fathom. The present volume in English does not make easy reading for Americans: it is characterized by the dreary detail that, in the vocabulary of many, is called realism: there is occasionally the sparkle of the Spanish mind in its proverbial cleverness with some attempt at local character in its personages, who for all of this do not realize a very actual or interesting identity. The hero remains a curious, incomplete creation. Tristan is a novel that ought to interest American authors as an example of what to avoid in fiction: the plot elaborated mechanically and painfully: the easy cleverness and cynicism that are in some minds synonymous with "high life" and the neglect of the spirit that results in the corpse-like effect of only too many of these "popular Spanish masterpieces."

Come Hither, collected by Walter de la Mare. New York: A. A. Knopf. $5.00.

THERE is a quaint charm about the manner in which Walter de la Mare takes an erudition which is real and dumps it into the lap of the modern reader, who is neither erudite nor very fine. He accomplishes this very difficult task with an ease which is as painless to the man in the street as it is apparently a pleasure to himself. Therefore he is admirable as an anthologist without the flash of reading-glasses or the fear of electric lights. The dim lamps of learning are forgotten: home and studio, radio-supplied, Victrola-furnished, can enjoy in this charming edition the quintessentials of old poets and the distillations Volsteadian of our latest singers. Come Hither is clearly the most delightful Home Library of Poetry and Song that has appeared in recent years.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Sleep is no longer a refuge," remarked Dr. Angelicus sadly to Mr. George N. Shuster, who had just touched the Doctor on the shoulder, with an apology for waking him. "Thank you for disturbing me."

"Bad dreams?" asked Mr. Shuster.

"Nothing but confused visions of books—books—books! I go to sleep to forget them. But lo—they appear to me in my dreams in even more hideous guises than in their reality. Oh, for a non-literary mind!"

"I, too, have my dreams of books and authors—yea, even critics," remarked Mr. Shuster sympathetically. "Let me relate to you my most recent one.

* * *

"It was a poorly lighted day, burdened with the pessimistic dimness which encourages thinking about contemporary verse and other circumstances of a well-ordered modern life. And suddenly, quite in the centre of numerous reflections, there was Saint Peter, unmistakeably statistical, making a report to the Archangel of the Intelligence. (Did you ever know that there is an Archangel who keeps track of the human mind?)

" 'Seigneur l'Archange,' Saint Peter began—for he is well enough versed in present-day journalism to have learned from Mr. Belloc that celestial titles of preference *must* be French and therefore Roman—'you have asked me for an opinion upon what is being said critically about the books in America. As a matter of fact, I think I suggested the subject, seeing that the seal of the Kingdom of Heaven is so little in demand by printers in the present era. Well, I am ready to offer my report.'

"The Archangel made a note of the digit and nodded. It was obvious that he listened with attention and even some curiosity.

" 'Misters Sherman and Mencken,' the Saint continued, 'are both middle-aged gentlemen with established vocabularies and editorial facilities for using them. Both are hard-working, bookish citizens who could probably not be bribed into disturbing the peace. But on the subject of printed matter they are as thunder and lightning, or even like the two cats who once gave a certain renown to a village of Kilkenny. As a young man Mr. Mencken began to thrill the juniors and seniors of American colleges with a vocabulary that mixed tart gossip with unkind remarks about the faculty and what it taught. The remarks have been pretty generally in vogue since the origins of education, but the way in which Mr. Mencken expressed them was an achievement. He blocked them out to resemble the ten of clubs. He leaded, corrugated and pointed them until they were suddenly so massive and fierce that the juniors and seniors were both frightened and charmed. Ah, what can compare, Seigneur l'Archange, with the bliss of being collegiate in some windy little town where education is scientific, where teaching is scholarship, and where —for the price of a bottle of ginger ale—one can get a magazine not intended for those whose minds are "primitive" and not in love with anything imaginable? A magazine storing barrels of dictional saltpetre used to explode all that curbs, all that restrains, all that—that is!'

" 'Yes,' the Saint continued meditatively, 'it was a masterly creation, that vocabulary. I can think of nothing like it excepting Saint Jerome out of patience. Mr. Mencken surveyed the American plain and saw it all level prairie—no mountains,

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A Plea for Catholicism

No series of magazine articles in recent years has attracted more attention than the FORUM'S on Catholicism in America. In April, JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, accepting the challenge of MICHAEL WILLIAMS in March, enumerated his charges against the Catholic Church.

In "A Plea for The Pope," which appears in May, FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN, former Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, but a recent convert to Catholicism, repudiates these charges and proudly defends the ideals of his Church.

The series will be continued in June with a reply by DR. CHARLES FAMA, once a member of the Catholic Church, now a prominent non-Catholic.

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and only an occasional swarthy swamp like Theodore Dreiser. But he saw wild, bearded, barbaric demigods on the horizon. He dressed Nietzsche for Broadway and the seniors. He shook hands enthusiastically with a person he believed was Emile Zola. But he thundered so mightily against Longfellow and all other professors, that even the truly ambitious teacher in the by-ways occasionally quoted his morning class-room joke from the Smart Set. I haven't the heart to be severe with him. He was so proud of the new-born vocabulary, so enthusiastic about his own intellectual biceps.'

"A faint smile of sympathetic understanding seemed to mingle with the majesty of the Archangel. Perhaps he alone knows how many, many creatures in ages past have been so proud of themselves—Doctores omnes atque poetae.

" 'I shall now come to Mr. Sherman,' the Saint went on. 'A very interesting man, with an early passion for words—for mountains of words. The kind of man, you know, who believes that a participle is not only a syllable, but also a sling; who loves a country where there are no fogs on the horizon; who prefers honey without the comb. He took to the academic civilizing process as a deer takes to a cool spring. Upon the entrance to his literary career there is engraved the marble name of Matthew Arnold—that benign old lecturer who couldn't forgive Chaucer for not having been a thirteenth-century Italian.'

" 'The starting-point of both these men has been the college. Burlesquing it or serving it, they have successfully taken it for granted that there is in the United States a public like what the French call universitaire—a public that gives and takes examinations. I now return to Mr. Sherman's style. In its final form, for I think it is final, this style is of the best Toledo make, wonderfully flexuous and firm. Against it Mr. Mencken's seventeen pounders and broadsides look foolish.'

" 'But,' Saint Peter continued with peculiar emphasis, 'you must remember that excellent steel is after all really designed to kill. In Mr. Sherman's hands it seems to do just that—to take for granted that a certain established and righteous culture is entitled to mark with its sign what babes shall live or die. When I think over the books he has recommended as deserving of attention I find they are—well, Matthew Arnold and Shakespeare to begin with, then such people as Arnold Bennett and Sinclair Lewis. His moderns, you see, are buzzing typists for the great majority, established successes at whose birth genius was absent.'

" 'And I do find that Mr. Mencken, for all his blustering alarms, has now and then told me rather fairly what is good writing and what is not. Many a little book has come walking out of the darkness to my door because he introduced it. Sometimes at least, in the midst of his amazingly cacophonous and commonplace philosophy, there has been a word of awe spoken in the presence of beauty seen and honesty revered. Shall I sum up the matter for you? Well then, I should say that Mr. Sherman, who constructs, is really only valuable when he denies, and that Mr. Mencken, muddling about in the dust of destruction, is sometimes wise when he applauds.' "

* * *

"Hold," cried Dr. Angelicus, "I can see that you and I, from the nature of our extraordinary dreams, are set apart—perhaps to be the recipients of some great message to mankind. The thing that we must determine is—what is the exact significance of these visions? Napoleon consulted a dream book—to advantage, I understand. I wonder who the publisher was?"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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